

# Zion's Herald.

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## Zion's Herald.

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### THE ROOSTER AND THE SUN.

BY REV. ALFRED J. ROUGH.

A common rooster ushered in the morn,  
Unconscious of the honor he had won,  
And led his brood afield in quest of corn;  
Then all the pretty singers hailed the sun,  
Contenting each, "I am the famous bird,  
The sun, in rising, first beheld and heard."  
But first and all the happy angels know  
The sun first heard the common rooster crow.

And saw him go afield, and would have hailed  
Him herald of the day and crowned him  
There;  
But when he saw the rooster, spurred and  
maddened,

The strongest of the tribe, the corn lay bare  
Before the weaker ones that they might feast—  
Loving his ease of hunger as they fed,  
Jesting through sacrifice to serve the least—  
The bright red comb upon the rooster's head.

Equalled the splendor of his own fair face,  
And great sun as he was saw that he stood,  
Leading his brood of stars through fields of  
glory.

No higher than the bird with feathered  
head;  
And still each singer clamored for the place  
Of honor as the herald of the morn,  
And still the great sun climbed the heights  
of space,

And on the rooster moved in quest of corn;  
For God and all the happy angels know  
The sun heard first the common rooster crow.

And when the voices that contend to-day  
For place and power are silenced one by one,  
Some common souls shall rise and bear away  
The crowns they knew not they had ever won.

Then Fame shall cease to speak familiar  
names,  
And History her splendid tale revise;  
Ambitious leaders press no more their claims;  
The lowly workers in life's field shall rise;  
For God and all the happy angels know,  
The sun heard first the common rooster crow.  
White River Junction, Vt.

### CHRIST'S SOVEREIGNTY IN CIVILIZATION.

BY REV. GEORGE P. MAINS.

If a surveyor's chain were drawn  
around the best portions of the earth,  
thus marking off the most cultured  
peoples and the most advanced civil-  
izations, we should find that the  
dominant moral sentiment, and the  
loftiest ideals of character and action,  
therein to be seen, are those which  
are furnished and enforced by the  
character and teachings of Jesus  
Christ.

The ideal morality of our modern  
civilization is a Christian morality.  
That the general practice of society  
and of the church in Christendom  
does not measure up to this high  
ideal is doubtless but too true; that  
in what is called good society there  
lingers much of the heaven of evil  
purpose and practice, is not to be de-  
nied; that both judge and law-maker  
are sometimes governed by low and  
mercenary considerations may be  
equally and sadly true; but it is still  
gloriously true that the immoralities  
which hurt society are like the owls  
and bats, creatures which hide away  
from the sunlight which is in all the  
heavens above them.

Christ's gospel as a controlling  
force in history has made forever  
impossible that open immorality  
which was well nigh universal and  
uncondemned in the earlier civiliza-  
tions. To illustrate this, take not  
the worst but the very best speci-  
mens of Christless peoples in the  
past. Take Greece in its golden  
age. Never people had a loftier  
conception of manhood than the an-  
cient Greeks. Man with them was a  
very demigod. Never a genius gave  
birth to such exquisite art as the  
genius of the Greek. It has been  
said that of every one of the 21,000  
free inhabitants of Athens, if he was  
not himself an artist, he was at least  
a devotee, an intelligent admirer,  
and a skilled critic of art. No peo-  
ple ever lived who were more subtle  
or more skilled reasoners than these  
old Greeks. In the empire of in-  
tellect, and in the marvelous crea-  
tions of genius, they have easily held  
undisputed rule and leadership over  
all subsequent ages. And yet, with

all this, those old Greeks had no  
adequate idea of sin. They under-  
took to deify the grosser passions of  
human nature. They had nothing  
in their social creed which answered  
to the rigorous demands of Christian  
morality on individuals and society.  
The natural and inevitable result was  
that when the Grecian common-  
wealth had reached the very acme of  
its intellectual splendor and power,  
its social fabric was dying from a  
moral pyemia which had poisoned  
the very fountains of its life.

The same, on a broader and more  
tragic scale, was true of Rome.  
Rome stood in history as the greatest  
synonym of power ever spoken in  
human ears. Her armies were in-  
vincible on all battle-fields from the  
Danube to the British Isles. Her  
treasures were enriched by the tribu-  
tes of all lands. But this great  
Rome perished at last, not by the  
strokes of Vandal hordes from the  
north, but from her own immorality;  
an immorality that was open and  
shameless; one whose grossest  
patrons were on the throne and in  
the senate chamber; an immorality  
against which there was lifted up no  
voice of philosophy or reason that  
was potent enough to rebuke or turn  
it back.

Now, the great fact which we put  
over against these tragedies of his-  
tory is this—Christ came into this  
world more than eighteen centuries  
ago. He came exhibiting in His  
own person the beauty of a sinless  
character; in His teachings He ad-  
ministered the sternest rebukes  
against sin; and He laid upon all  
men the uncompromising demand  
for personal purity and righteousness.  
And the spiritual kingdom, of which  
His person is the centre, and in  
which His teachings are supreme,  
lives—lives while all human institu-  
tions perish.

Christ's kingdom not only lives,  
but it enthrones itself at the head  
of civilizations, of commerce, of art,  
of science, and of learning; and it  
permeates all of these with its own  
spirit of righteousness and purity. It  
has driven slavery out of civilization,  
piracy out from the high seas, and it  
is to-day stamping deep with the  
brand of eternal infamy all unholy  
traffic, gross intemperance, and so-  
cial impurities. And all this comes  
to pass not because human nature in  
this nineteenth century is essentially  
different from what it was in the  
degenerate days of Greece and Rome,  
but because a kingdom of righteous-  
ness has come in to sweeten and to  
purify the political and social atmos-  
pheres of the world.

This Christian *imperium in imperis*  
is the guarantee for the safety and  
perpetuity of civilization. To this  
alone we may with certain hope look  
for a strong and lasting future for  
our own Republic.

We are a nation with almost in-  
finite possibilities of wealth and pros-  
perity. But lying close against these  
possibilities are the fearful perils of  
national luxury and immorality—  
perils in the presence of which the  
great nations of the past have gone  
down in wreck and ruin. The hope  
that a like destruction may not over-  
take our national heritage must rest  
not in the wisdom of godless states-  
men, but in the Christian nurture  
that shall rule at the nation's hearth-  
stones. As for statesmen, it ought  
not to be a barren lesson for them  
that the kingdom of Christ has stood  
and has waxed strong and beautiful  
for eighteen centuries against the de-  
structive floods which have carried  
all else down before them. And it  
has done this because in the spirit of  
its purity, truth and beauty there has  
inherited the vigor of a resistless life.  
Christianity is the only incorruptible  
empire founded on earth. Only those  
nations that loyally embrace her prin-  
ciples can hope for immortality.

There are ill-starred prophets in our  
day, who predict that the Church  
of Christ will soon be a superseded  
institution—one which the world's  
progressive thought will render obso-  
lete. There are raven prophets whose  
hoarse croakings are voices of the  
night. Standing high above the  
troubled waters of human thought,  
the Church of Christ is seen to-day,  
the single institution whose Pharos  
lamp sheds the light of heaven over  
them all. The Church of Christ is  
in this world, the one ground and the

pillar of the truth. The church on  
earth is made up of men and women  
who are more or less imperfect, but it  
is still true that millions of these  
same men and women have been so  
transformed by the Spirit of Christ  
that to-day they constitute the true  
sainthood of the world; they are in  
the world God's elect candidates for  
the citizenship of heaven. Take out  
of the world the saintly lives which  
have been developed in the church,  
and the healing influences of which  
the church is the fountain-head, and  
nothing would be left but one great  
Sodom which would instantly invite  
the torch of God's destroying angel.  
Waterbury, Conn.

### DARTMOUTH COLLEGE AND WASH- INGTON.

BY REV. E. C. BASS.

Sixty-five graduates of Dartmouth  
College are said to be living in Wash-  
ington. One of the oldest of its living  
alumni, George Kent (class of 1814),  
is there. Thirty consecutive classes,  
save five, have each from one to five  
members in Washington. If many  
other colleges in the country have  
corresponding numbers of graduates  
in Washington, then it must be that  
the city of the White House is very  
rich in educated men. Among  
these are several very eminent men,  
of whom any college would be proud,  
such as the veteran educator, Dr.  
Richards, principal of Meriden (N.  
H.) Academy from 1835 to 1870;  
Hon. John Eaton, now at the head  
of the National Bureau of Education;  
and ex-Gov. Dingley. There are  
three members of congress in the list—  
Ranney of Massachusetts, Hall of  
New Hampshire, and Dingley of  
Maine. But not more than twelve  
appear to have attained any notable  
success as educated men. This small  
proportion—one in five—may be as  
good as the average alumni roll of  
any college. It must be confessed  
either that too many weak men go to  
college, or that the colleges fail to  
awaken in many of their students the  
spirit which wins eminent success in  
the affairs of the world. Very sel-  
dom do half of a college class prove  
to be more than average men in ability.

In reading the published sketches  
of these Dartmouth men in Washing-  
ton a painful impression comes from  
noticing how many have pursued dif-  
ferent kinds of business since their  
graduation. In several cases the  
trades and professions have been  
"mixed and mingled." It looks as  
though, with some, no purpose in life  
was ever felt; certainly they have  
kept to no visible purpose. This is  
not probably a fault peculiar to Dar-  
tmouth men; it is one of the lamenta-  
ble and even ominous facts of the  
times that only a small proportion of  
young men are awake to the idea of  
worthy life pursuits. No young man  
is fitted for active life without the in-  
spiration of a worthy and absorbing  
ambition. And whatever the greater  
literary advantages of a "liberal edu-  
cation," the college man is no better  
fitted for a life-work unless he has  
gained clearer views and taken hold  
of higher purposes of life.

Of these sixty-five men fifty-three  
are graduates of more than four years'  
standing; and of these fifty-three,  
twenty-four are clerks in departments.  
Previous to their clerkships they were  
teachers, journalists, lawyers, doctors  
and ministers. Now, a government  
clerkship may be very honorable,  
and in some circumstances very be-  
coming. In cases of impaired health,  
or as a temporary employment by  
which to get money to pay school  
bills, it is well enough; but as a life-  
work for a man who has had the best  
scholastic advantages of the country,  
it is not just the thing. An educated  
man misses his calling if he does not  
aim at being an educator, teacher,  
leader of other men. He is to "bring  
things to pass," not simply record the  
doings of others. He should be a  
brain-worker, and not simply a re-  
porter of the work of other men's  
brains. The physician or lawyer in  
the little village, the principal of a  
small academy, the occupant of an  
obscure pulpit, the thinking editor of  
the village paper are in regal oppor-  
tunities for self-improvement and  
useful and growing influence. It is a  
long step downward from any one of

these positions to the highest mere  
clerkship in all the Government de-  
partments.

It is a sorry comment on our edu-  
cated American brains when so many  
college men are willing and desirous  
to be in the clerkship service of the  
nation. The conviction is unavoida-  
ble that not a few of these men failed  
in their legitimate business, or failed  
to find their legitimate business, and so  
"made friends with this mammon of  
unrighteousness" for the sake of the  
"bread and butter." Alas, for the  
prevalent want of earnest views of  
life among the young men both in  
college and out of college! The idea  
of being somewhat in character and  
of doing something, is not common  
enough. The young man who leaves  
college without the thought of making  
the most of himself and filling the  
largest place possible for him to fill,  
is unworthy of his privileges and is  
very likely to be soon written a  
failure.

No young man is at liberty to  
make any profession a stepping-stone  
to ease, honors or wealth. If he  
does and succeeds, he will find that  
selfishness is never so accused as  
when it profanes the holier places.  
Of all young men the educated need  
a business most—a business that  
shall engage all the energies of souls  
ambitious of being and doing. Bet-  
ter be the drill sergeant than the  
mere secretary of the commander-in-  
chief!

### ITALIAN CONFERENCE.

BY REV. L. M. VERNON, D. D.

The Italian Annual Conference  
held its second session in Turin,  
April 12-16 inclusive, Bishop Fos-  
ter, presiding. All the members  
were present at the first roll-call.  
Emilio Borelli was re-elected secre-  
tary, and Teofilo Gay was chosen by  
the Bishop as his interpreter. Three  
brethren were admitted into full con-  
nection, and other three on trial.

Eleven committees were appointed  
on as many different subjects, among  
which were Sunday-schools, Temper-  
ance, Religious Literature and the  
State of the Church. Some of the  
reports elicited considerable lively,  
but good-tempered, discussion. It  
was decided to emerge the *Fiaccola*  
on the one hand into a small weekly  
paper of popular style, and on the other  
into a bi-monthly Review.

The public services during the ses-  
sion were in admirable character and  
spirit, and were well attended. The  
Sunday morning love-feast was es-  
pecially enjoyable and refreshing. The  
counselors, discourses and services of  
Bishop Foster were replete with that  
wisdom, ministerial and official faith-  
fulness and elevation of spirit for  
which he is distinguished, and were  
highly appreciated by all the breth-  
ren.

It is amusing and gratifying to  
hear these Italian brethren, using a  
phraseology and idiom peculiar to  
their own tongue, testifying of the  
bishops they have seen thus: "Each  
one is better than the others!" They  
were delighted to have with us Rev.  
Dr. E. W. Parker and wife, from the  
North India Conference, on their  
way homeward after many years of  
heroic, successful and honored ser-  
vice in that high field of our com-  
mon holy war.

The ministers' reports gave assur-  
ance of a steady, healthy progress,  
and a deepening work of grace  
throughout our entire work; and  
never have our brethren evinced so  
much zeal and faith in the future of  
our cause. The Conference at Turin  
will long be remembered as a de-  
lightful and profitable occasion to us  
all. Our next session will be held in  
Arezzo, Tuscany.

The following are the appoint-  
ments:—

LEROY M. VERNON, Presiding Elder.  
Arezzo, G. Cavalleris; Asti, G.  
Carboneri; Bologna, D. Gay; Fa-  
enza, F. Cruciani; Foggia, P. Tag-  
liatella; Florence, T. Gay, Em.  
Borelli; Forlì, C. Bambini; Milan,  
S. Stasi, M. Ferreri; Naples, D.  
Polsinelli, C. Tollis; Perugia, G.  
Palmieri; Pisa, E. Stasio; Rome,  
A. Lanna, G. Gattuso; San Mazza-  
no, G. Guigou; Terni, E. Ageno;  
Todi, E. Caporali; Turin, B. Bra-  
cchetto; Venice, En. Borelli, G. B.  
Frizziero; Venosa, G. Conte.

### "A MULTITUDE OF SINNS."

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

It had rained incessantly for three  
days. Right into the middle of August  
came a wild, drenching storm, with a  
biting wind that wrenched the branch-  
es of the trees, pulled at the ripening  
fruit, and pitilessly tossed the blossoms  
in the neighborhood gardens.

Mrs. Hope Harris sat in her great  
house alone. From the windows she  
looked upon her possessions in every  
direction. Her orchards were full, her  
barns were stored. Still she was alone.  
Like skeleton fingers the branches of  
the old elm at the east window tapped  
upon the pane, and the gale moaned,  
"Alone! alone! alone!"

There was a little seaside resort not  
far from Harris Farm—a curve of  
white beach, a hotel, and half a dozen  
pretty cottages. To this place the  
storm brought dismay. Boating, bath-  
ing, strolling on the smooth shingle,  
flirting under gay little awnings, all out-  
door amusements were shut off, and the  
pleasure-seekers were confined to the  
parlors; all but the more of the more  
hardly among the young men, and one  
girl—Eleanor Grant. Eleanor was as  
wild as the storm. The masses of driv-  
ing cloud, the fierce, purple sea, the  
great hungry breakers with their un-  
ceasing roll upon the shore, the swoop-  
ing sea-gulls, the drenched rocks, all  
appealed to something within herself as  
deep and as free as the sea, as rooted as  
the immovable rocks.

One day, the third day of the storm,  
she wandered farther along the beach  
than usual, fascinated by the dense  
shadows from the clouds, and by the  
glorious breaking of the incoming tide.  
She was dressed warmly in flannel and  
wrapped in her water-proof, and had  
no fear of cold or rain. The waves  
brought up now and then a rare bit of  
kelp, or a delicate shell, and looking far  
seaward, or searching for treasures at  
her feet, she did not notice a terrible  
burden that the tide was steadily bear-  
ing inward. Not till it was thrown  
high on the sand, with awful start-  
ling eyes and white swollen features, did  
Eleanor with horrified consciousness  
come upon it. Ah, here was the ter-  
ror, the treachery of the sea!

It was a great shock to the self-ab-  
sorbed, imaginative girl to almost  
stumble over a dead body in her in-  
nocent search for mosses and shells. She  
turned to go for help, and there, fortu-  
nately, within sound of her voice were  
Allen Thornydyke and Henry Fleming.  
As these two came up, she sank upon  
the wet sand, and grew so white that  
the young men thought she would  
faint; but she declared herself well in a  
few minutes, and leaving the scene of  
terror, she almost flew over the beach  
till she reached her cottage.

Eleanor Grant was an orphan living  
with a wealthy lady who had adopted  
her. She had been taken from an in-  
stitution of charity when a baby. Of this  
latter fact she was aware, but she had  
never felt the shadow of orphanage.  
Great was the consternation at the  
little Bellevue hotel and at the cottages  
when the young men returned with  
their ghastly burden. Then began the  
search for a clue to the drowned man's  
identity. They found the initials "G.  
H." on some of his clothing, and "G.  
H." on a plain gold ring on the little  
finger of his left hand.

When Mrs. Grant, Eleanor's adopted  
mother, heard of this, a vague remem-  
brance was stirred in her brain. Over  
and over the letters came before her  
in that obstinate, worrying way that  
puzzles have of presenting themselves.  
By and by she went to her writing table  
and wrote a hurried note to her hus-  
band: "Send me the little box in the  
private drawer of my desk."

In the meantime it was bruited about  
that a dead body had been found upon  
the beach. From mouth to mouth the  
news flew, with all the meagre details  
that had been collected, and soon pen-  
etrated to Harris Farm. When Mrs.  
Harris heard of the initials of the initials  
they looked at one another with ques-  
tioning glances. "It can't be;" "No,  
of course not;" "Wonders never  
cease;" "Truth is stranger than fic-  
tion." Such were some of the ejacula-  
tions that passed like small change  
from one to another. Last of all Mrs.  
Hope Harris heard of the strange cir-  
cumstance. A poor, half-witted hanger-  
on of the house came in, full of the  
importance of what she had to tell.

"A corpse, ma'am, all stiff and stark,  
was found on the beach close to the  
Bellevue; and folks are talking, ma'am,  
that it might be as you ought to know  
of it."

"That I ought to know of it?"  
"Yes, ma'am, they say that his clothes  
is marked with a G. and an H., and he's  
got a ring with 'G. H.' inside of it."  
"And what of all that?" said the  
lady, in her coldest tones.

"Nothin', ma'am; certainly nothin'.  
Could you let me have a little piece of  
pork, ma'am? I've got beans, but they  
ain't nothin' 'bout pork, ma'am."  
"Go to the kitchen," was the answer,  
and to the kitchen the woman went.

"She don't want to hear nothin' 'bout  
his body if 'tis her boy," she muttered,  
going through the handsome dining-  
room. "There's where his picture used  
to hang. Oh, 'twas a handsome face,

an' allus smilin'. Some thought that  
was what ailed the boy—he was allus  
smilin'; an' there's sumthin' besides  
smiles in this world."

When Mrs. Harris was alone she could  
not dismiss her thoughts as easily as  
she dismissed the poor woman. Some  
strange influence hovered around her.  
A baby boy stood by her chair, nestled  
in her arms—a child with a face as  
joyous and loving as his mother's was  
cold and stern. Then a school-boy  
swung silently open the heavy door,  
and laid down his satchel of books.  
How plain were these ghostly figures—  
so plain that the lady started from her  
chair and crossed the room as if led by  
an invisible hand. She mounted the  
broad stairs, and in a little room, long  
unused, stood before a picture that had  
been banished from her sight for twenty  
years. Her proud strength deserted  
her. She sank into a chair unmoved by  
those smiling eyes.

It was a frank, glad face that looked  
down upon her, generous, confident, and  
hopeful. Ah, how had the light been  
quenched, the sweetness turned to gall!  
Now it was a man who stood by the  
lady's side. So close he pressed, so real  
was the vision, that she started in  
terror, with the impression that some  
one had touched her. This new face  
was haggard and worn; the eyes were  
shadowed; it seemed to plead for com-  
passion, to promise many things. But  
as it pleaded the soft look faded out,  
and it grew wild and reckless till the  
lady could not bear the sight. Next  
there flashed before her eyes a beach,  
wave-washed and desolate, with the  
same face lying upturned to the bitter  
sky, the light gone out of it forever, the  
eyes fixed and glaring—the sunny blue  
eyes, the bonny boy's face! Oh, the  
pity of it! For a moment she gazed in  
horror, and with a stifled shriek turned  
and fled below, and the servants found  
her soon after in violent hysterics.

That was the end, to all appearance,  
of the excitement about the drowned  
man. He was buried at the expense  
of the town, and the ring and a bit of  
the clothing with the initials upon it  
were given to Eleanor Grant at her  
earnest request. The little box that  
Mrs. Grant sent home for, could not  
be found, and as she and Eleanor were  
traveling through the early fall, the  
matter was for awhile forgotten by  
everybody except the stately lady at  
Harris Farm. She could not rest night  
or day. In her waking moments she  
was haunted by the dead, swollen face;  
at night she saw the initials in her  
dreams; and she saw tossing ships  
and wild shores, and wastes of dreary  
water. "She is breaking down," peo-  
ple said of her. "The strongest must  
give away some time; and she has  
carried herself as if she was superior  
to anything mortal."

Yes, Mrs. Harris felt herself that she  
was breaking down. She was about to  
do what she had sworn never to do—  
look for a trace of the original of the  
picture. And first she would find the  
young girl who possessed the ring and  
the bit of linen with the marked name,  
for she had been referred to her by the  
fishermen who had buried the drowned  
man. It was not difficult to find the  
Grants, and Eleanor was, as usual, with  
them. The ring was shown. Mrs.  
Harris took it and fitted it on her third  
finger. Then she looked up at Eleanor  
with so pitiful a face that the young  
girl was thrilled to the heart with sym-  
pathy. She took the ring off, and  
looked inside. "Hope Harris," she  
murmured as if to herself. Then she  
gave the ring back to Eleanor.

"Keep it," she said, "and let me go  
home."

"But you have not seen the mark on  
the linen," said Eleanor. "It is 'G.  
H.'"

"That was his name—George Har-  
ris. Call the carriage and let me go  
home."  
But it was long before Mrs. Harris  
went home. A severe illness followed,  
through which she was tenderly nursed  
by Eleanor. A great change came over  
the proud woman with that sickness.  
Her heart, long unused to loving, woke  
to life in the sweet atmosphere of the  
young girl's affection. Eleanor could  
scarcely tell why this poor, forlorn, rich  
old woman woke within her so much  
emotion. She thrilled with pity in  
Mrs. Harris' presence. She expressed  
in all little loving ways her tenderness.

One day that happened which no one  
could have foreseen a month before.  
Mrs. Harris opened her heart to Elean-  
or, and told her the story of her life.  
Long she dwelt upon her boy—his  
bright, frank, sturdy youth, his bril-  
liant manhood. "I lie awake now in  
the long nights," she said, "and think  
it all over; and I say to myself:  
'May be if I had been more gentle with  
him, it would have been different.' He  
never could bear a cold word; it made  
him defiant and reckless."  
"And if he were living now," said  
Eleanor, "and should come to you a  
bad man, a criminal, would you love  
him?"

"I always loved him," moaned the  
mother, "but I was hard with him—all  
the harder that I loved him so much. I  
hid my love, and love was what he  
needed most. I see it all now."

"Would you show it now?" persisted  
the girl.  
"God knows! but I think I would."  
"Then may, he will feel the love

now, wherever he may be. And may be  
it will help him. Love has such won-  
derful power. If one could always love  
and forgive as God loves and for-  
gives!"

"Forgive us our trespasses as we  
forgive those who trespass against  
us," murmured the mother, when she  
was left alone. "Once I thought I  
never could forgive my boy for the sor-  
rows he has brought me; but now I see  
that it is I who need to be forgiven! Oh, I forgive him as I hope he will  
forgive me!"

[Concluded next week.]

### METHODIST REUNION.

A more social and enthusiastic com-  
pany never assembled in old Lynn Com-  
mon Church than that which gathered  
at the "Methodist Reunion," which  
was held for the benefit of the contin-  
gent fund of the Woman's Foreign Mis-  
sionary Society, on the evening of May  
31. By 7 o'clock every room in the spa-  
cious church was filled with friends  
from Boston and vicinity, and from the  
six Methodist churches of the city. At  
this time, Rev. A. B. Kendig, pastor of  
the church, announced that supper  
would be served, and in a few moments  
over four hundred people were seated  
at the beautifully furnished tables, in  
the large dining-room.

After the company had been called to  
order, the exercises of the evening com-  
menced with admirable singing by a  
quartette of male voices. Rev. L. B.  
Bates, of Boston, followed with Scrip-  
ture reading, and Rev. S. L. Gracy led  
in a fervent prayer. For some time full  
justice was shown to the excellent sup-  
per, and when all had partaken suffi-  
ciently of the food provided, the com-  
pany were invited to listen to the re-  
mainder of the exercises which had been  
arranged.

Rev. L. B. Bates here arose, and of-  
fered a resolution, which was seconded  
by Rev. H. W. Bolton, extending hearty  
thanks to the ladies of the Lynn church-  
es for their kind invitation to visit  
them and for the enthusiastic welcome  
which they had been received.

After another song by the quartette,  
Charles E. Kimball, esq., of Lynn, was  
invited to respond to the toast, "Our  
Guests." Mr. Kimball in appropriate  
words extended a most cordial welcome  
to all present to the old mother church  
of New England Methodism. He spoke  
of her long and eventful history, calling  
particular attention to the fact that  
her interest in foreign missions had  
been a marked feature of her  
church record. Mr. Kimball closed  
with a fine tribute to woman's ability  
for church work.

Mrs. Alderman, of Hyde Park, was  
next called upon to respond to the  
toast, "The Woman's Foreign Mis-  
sionary Society—in its Past, Present  
and Prospective Work." Mrs. Alder-  
man gave an admirable sketch of the  
W. F. M. S., showing how, in the space  
of only fourteen years, this organization,  
beginning so humbly, is now a mighty  
power among the women of all na-  
tions.

We were again favored with singing,  
after which Mrs. H. W. Bolton respon-  
ded to the toast, "Our Sisters in the  
Field—how can we best help them?"  
This response called forth from Mrs.  
Bolton a well-written article full of prac-  
tical suggestions. She particularly em-  
phasized the help we could render to  
our sisters in foreign fields by real,  
heartfelt prayer for them, and by persist-  
ent effort to enlighten the women  
of our churches as to the great work  
in which they are engaged. Some  
pointed incidents were related illustrat-  
ing these thoughts, which were well  
worth remembering.

Mrs. Prof. Johnson, of Lynn, responded  
to the toast, "The Lynn Auxiliaries  
of the W. F. M. S., and what they are  
aiming to do." This response was in-  
deed a most interesting one. After a  
witty allusion to the meaning of the  
word "toast," Mrs. Johnson showed to  
all present the excellent work accom-  
plished by the Lynn auxiliaries. Com-  
mencing by a union auxiliary of all the  
churches, each church is now sufficiently  
strong to stand alone, and every year  
from each church a good sum of money  
is sent to the treasury. The aim of the  
Lynn auxiliaries is to interest the  
women of these churches in this impor-  
tant work, believing that labor for so  
great a cause tends to make woman  
nobler in mind and larger in heart.

Rev. W. F. Burns, of the First Bap-  
tist Church, Lynn, very kindly con-  
sented to respond to the last toast,  
"Denominational Fraternity." He gave  
a delightful address. He remarked how  
inappropriate he deemed it to select a  
Baptist—a hard-shell Baptist—to  
speak on such a subject, and related an  
amusing anecdote at this point. He,  
however, fully believed in the union  
Christ so ardently desired among His  
followers. He admired a man who  
worked for the success of his own de-  
nomination, if he at the same time  
appreciated the good in other denom-  
inations. Each church has its peculiar  
mission, and all can learn lessons from  
one another.

At the close of this address the large  
company united in singing the grand old  
hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

After adjourning to the audience-  
room a social hour was passed in cordial  
[Continued on page 8.]



## Miscellaneous.

## OUR MODERN CAMP-MEETINGS.

What Changes are Demanded?  
[An essay read at the Lowiston District Ministerial Association held at Bath, Me. Published by request of the Association.]

BY REV. F. W. SMITH.

From the most remote history of the Church of God we discover that it was customary to observe the progress of God's people, and to commemorate the triumphs of His cause with religious ceremonies. Hence we find the people of God gathering from near and far to participate in a great convocation of holy worship. For days the assembled multitude rendered praise and thanksgiving to Almighty God for His unnumbered mercies and untold blessings.

From these gatherings of the ancient church, men of modern times have been constrained to believe that in such assemblies God may be honored, His cause extended, and souls served and helped in their way to heaven. Thus Methodism, as it entered upon the great work of soul-saving, seized upon every means and adopts all methods wherein her God-appointed mission to the people may be sooner accomplished. Well has the author of "Methodism Illustrated," said: "Methodism is divine; it sweeps in the gale, glows with the fire, and speaks with the tongues of Pentecost. The fathers of our church were truly apostolic; nothing short of the ends of the earth could stop them." So wonderful is the history of this form of religious life which characterized our fathers, that in the attempt to describe it we are, says the same writer, "both elated and confused by the rush of mighty events."

Not long after Methodism found a home on American soil, we discover that in her aggressive work a camp-meeting was planned. In the year 1779, near the Red river in Tennessee, a meeting was held by two brothers, one a Methodist minister, the other a Presbyterian. Soon after this, one was held at Carmel, N. Y. The people came from all quarters of the surrounding country, many of them lodging in their own wagons, over which were spread temporary coverings. The year following a meeting was held in Croton. The ground was prepared by two local preachers, assisted by a good brother of the laity. When the ground was ready, three good men knelt down together and solemnly dedicated it to God. In this manner our fathers toiled with head, with heart, with hand, and when they had done all that human power was equal to, they consecrated their efforts to God and sought His strength to aid them in their weakness, thus bringing the human and divine forces into sweet harmony.

The question is often asked in these latter days, "Why do we not see the results of these gatherings that our fathers saw?" This is a serious question, and one that it would be well for us as a body of ministers to consider thoughtfully. If the camp-meeting has lost its power, if it has outlived its usefulness, if the plan for which it was first instituted can be worked to better advantage in some other department of our modern church work, we want to know it, so that we may be more successful in winning souls for Christ.

Let us compare the former method of conducting a camp-meeting with the later mode of the so-called "running" the meeting. In the early history of camp-meetings the people were found making many sacrifices to attend. No railroads or steam cars were available; no steamboats to convey the multitude to the ground; no ready-furnished chapel or nicely-finished cottage awaited the coming of the tent's company. Often a rude frame covered with the cheapest of cotton cloth, and when this failed bedspreads, buffalo robes, and home-made carpeting, formed the tent in which the whole company ate, slept, and worshipped from Monday morn until Saturday. It was no uncommon thing in those days for a tent's company to be awakened suddenly at midnight with a cry of "Glory to God! Hallelujah! Jesus is mine!" as some soul was delivered from the bondage of sin and brought to the new life of faith upon the Son of God. Now such a scene is often looked upon as a disturbance, and the dwellers in modern cottages, sleeping upon beds of down and surrounded with curtains of lace, are ready to shout for the police to put a stop to such "untimely" ceremonies.

In the former days, while our fathers preached, it was no uncommon thing to witness in all parts of the congregation men and women upon their knees earnestly supplicating the throne of grace, beseeching God to bless the spoken word. Then it was

that sinners fell by scores all over the encampment, and ere the preacher was done speaking, many were crying mightily to God for mercy. Now we seldom see, even in the preachers' stand, a person upon their knees during the sermon, and if perchance a soul should be stricken under the power of the Word and be led to cry out, he might very quietly be asked to keep still until the sermon was ended.

In the former days all the people sang, and they sang with a "right good will," too, so that the grand old words echoed and re-echoed with the voice of sacred song. During the service of song many were touched by power divine, and the angels tuned their harps a note higher to sing of one more redeemed from the curse of sin. To-day much of our singing at camp-meetings is done by hired musicians, who give us the science of music, but void of the soul—a sweet sound for the time being, yet leaving no deep impression upon the mind and heart.

Another thing wherein we differ from our fathers is the mode of living at the modern camp-meeting. They lived very simply, denying themselves the luxuries, and oftentimes many of the comforts, in order to get more time for devotion. Then no restaurant in close proximity to the preaching stand, with its tempting display of fruits, nuts, confectionery, etc., called off the attention of the young. To-day as ministers we, before entering the doors of an Annual Conference as full members, must subscribe to the anti-tobacco rules of the Conference; yet at our modern camp-meetings we see a full line of tobacco and cigars displayed in the show window of the restaurant. Who is responsible for these things, is a question much easier to ask than to answer.

The camp-meetings of to-day are, we fear, too fast becoming popular religious resting-places. The great Head of the Church has said, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." To look into one of the beautiful cottages on one of our camp-meetings to-day, and see the luxuries, and hear the people of God by their influence and example say, "I'm resting at the cross," would surprise many of those grand old men and women who have fought the battle so long and well.

In our fathers' day there was little, if any, of worldly care to distract the mind. Now in these days of camp-meeting associations the bickerings for corner lots, or for a site on this or that avenue, because Mr. L. L. D., or Mr. D. D., or Bro. M. D. has a lot there (and these numerals are supposed to represent the dollars in hundreds or thousands they have expended upon their cottages and surroundings), detract from the real object for which the camp-meeting was intended.

[Concluded next week.]

## Correspondence.

FROM CANADA.

MR. EDITOR: Owing to the peculiarity of the season, it seems almost impossible to write without making some reference to the weather, which is the most extraordinary ever seen in Canada during the month of May. As I am writing on the last day of the month, the wind is howling and rain is pelting against the windows as though it was November instead of May. The season is unusually cold, and fears are now entertained respecting the harvest, but we must calmly wait the result, leaving ourselves in the hands of Him who doeth all things well.

Our Dominion Legislature has closed the longest session it has ever held. The most important act which it has passed relates to temperance. Since the confederation of the Provinces, each province has regulated its own license laws. Owing to the decision of the Privy Council on an appeal made respecting the Scott Act, the premier of the Dominion, Sir John A. Macdonald, contends that the regulation of the liquor traffic belongs to the Dominion Parliament, and at the commencement of the late session asked for a committee to consist of equal numbers from both sides of the House to frame such an act as would be adapted to all the Provinces. The leader of the opposition, the Hon. E. Blake, refused to comply with the request of the first minister of the crown, assigning as his reason that the opposition were not bound to aid the ministry. This your correspondent thinks was a mistake on the part of the honorable gentleman. The members of the opposition have always claimed to be true temperance men, and we would not insinuate that they are not, but they should have thrown the weight of their influence to aid a measure which was intended to promote temperance. As it was, there was nothing for Sir John but to go to work with his friends and enact such a measure as would be likely to accomplish the purpose of lessening the evils of the liquor traffic. The act has been greatly scanned, and so far as your correspondent can form an opinion, it is certainly the best temperance act, except prohibition, that has yet been enacted in Canada. Unhappily there is likely to be a conflict of authority, as it is intimated that the government of Ontario

will still continue to regulate the license system as it has hitherto done. We shall see whereunto all this will grow. There is considerable commotion at present respecting the traffic. Some who have violated the liquor laws have been severely fined. A few weeks ago two tavern-keepers were fined \$25 each. In another instance two who had their licenses taken from them, and yet in another case a violator was compelled to pay a fine of more than \$70, including costs. If all inspectors and magistrates would assist in punishing all violators of the law, it is our opinion that those engaged in the traffic would be more deterred, and the evils of drunkenness would be considerably mitigated.

It was expected that the Dominion Legislature would also grant the Orangemen an act of incorporation, whereby the said fraternity would be able to own land on which to erect their lodge-rooms; but the Roman Catholic members of the House voted in a solid phalanx against the measure. There are but few sessions of Parliament in which acts of incorporation are not granted to the Roman Catholics for their institutions, which have become so numerous that they may be named legion; and yet the Orange Institution, which is purely Protestant and loyal to the British throne, is refused an act merely to enable them to hold a few feet of land.

Victoria University recently held its convocation, which was quite an enjoyable affair. The graduating class was more than twenty in number and were a fine set of young men, both physically and mentally. The professors spoke in terms of great commendation respecting them, and some of them will, we confidently hope, make their mark in the world. A few of them have chosen the ministry as their life work, but the majority have chosen the law.

There are two medical schools affiliated with the University—one in Toronto and another in Montreal. When the graduates of the former were brought forward to receive their M. D. diploma, there was a young lady among them, Miss Howe, a modest, sweet little creature, respecting whom the medical professor told the president that she was justly entitled to the degree, as she had been punctual in her attendance at all the classes and successful in her studies. When she rose from her kneeling posture before the president as Dr. Miss Howe, she was cheered again and again. She is the first lady who has received such a degree in Canada.

The Montreal Medical School has long been affiliated with Victoria, but by way of compelling the school to sever its connection with a Protestant institution, the Roman Catholic bishop of the city of Montreal has commanded the Sisters of Mercy not to allow any of the students of the said school in future to walk the hospitals at which they serve. And thus it is the old story. Rome demands unswerving fidelity to all her mandates. It may be observed that the members of the school were never brought into contact with the members of Oubourg University in any way except to receive their degrees, so that what injury they could possibly receive it will be difficult to conceive.

Victoria University does not confer any honorary M. A. degrees. At the late convocation the degree of D. D. was conferred on the Rev. George Douglas, L. L. D., Montreal. Rev. G. M. Meehan, missionary in Japan, and Rev. F. Greaves, Wesleyan minister, London. The University never was more prosperous. The staff of professors has been increased, and the Ryerson chair endowment is progressing favorably, so that the amount required, it is confidently anticipated, will soon be secured.

Methodistically speaking, I may state that we are preparing to wind up the affairs of another ecclesiastical year. The district meetings have been held, and while I write the Montreal Conference is in session. Next week London will meet, then Toronto, after which those in the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland will follow. Never, probably, were Conferences in Canada held under such circumstances as those of the present year. The question of the union of the Methodist churches is to be decided by them. It is well known that several of the ministers are opposed to the basis agreed upon by the joint committees. The laymen, however, by a large majority, have accepted the basis, and should the ministers reject it, we may have a conflict which will not be pleasant to contemplate. But we hope for better results than appearances in some quarters would seem to indicate.

The Primitive Methodist Conference has been in session for a week, and has taken steps to wind up all their affairs and go into the united church next September. The Bible Christian Conference meets in a few days, and the Annual Conferences of the M. E. Church have met and elected delegates to attend the first General Conference of the united church; but I regret to inform you that a few ministers of the latter church have signed a protest against the union, and have agreed together that they will not go into the union, but will seek to hold services at all of local preachers, and so hold the church property. This is almost equal to a declaration of war, which, if carried into effect, will certainly be a matter of regret, as there would necessarily be an amount of litigation which would be productive of the greatest evils. We will hope that the dissenters will act with more discretion, and that we will have one united Methodist Church in Canada. So mote it be!

FROM WASHINGTON.

There is much news just now in this sunny South, if your correspondent had tact and talent to properly compress it so

as to lie in reasonable space. The events of the last few weeks have gone into history, such as the Christian councils of Presbyterians North and South, Lutherans, Baptists, Reformed Episcopalians, Episcopal centennial celebrations in Baltimore, executions of Irish murderers, crowning of the Czar, and the opening of the Brooklyn Bridge, etc. Still there is more on the bill for the coming weeks.

To begin at home: The remains of John Howard Payne will be deposited in their final resting-place next week in Oak Hill Cemetery in this city, as Georgetown is now a part of Washington, and Oak Hill Cemetery has long been a most attractive center, where so many noble and sainted dead are buried. It were only to repeat what has gone so much the rounds of the press to add anything about the author of "Home, Sweet Home," and the generous acts of that venerable man, W. W. Corcoran. For weeks the programme has been in preparation, and singers and orators have been repeating the lessons they will render on June 9, when the death of Payne will be deposited in Oak Hill Cemetery.

A visit to this romantic spot will interest the traveler coming to the nation's capital. The place is on a sloping hill, with Rock Creek running close by. The space is small, not covering thirty acres, but it is very select and beautiful and has many associations. One of the many objects that will attract the Methodist traveler is the grave of that eccentric man, Lorenzo Dow, whose labors and zeal are so well known. Not far from the place of Payne's monument stands the gray sandstone slab beneath which sleep the remains of Lorenzo Dow; and although the tooth of time has been making its impression on the stone, yet the following epitaph can be distinctly read, and is characteristic of the man:—

"The Repository  
Of  
LORENZO DOW,  
Who was born in Coventry, Connecticut,  
Oct. 18, 1777; died Feb. 2, 1834.  
A. E. 56.  
A Christian is the highest  
style of man.  
He is  
A slave to no sect, takes  
No private road,  
But looks throughout nature  
Up to nature's God."

It will be seen from the above dates that Lorenzo Dow was born the same year in which Dr. William Dodd, the English commentator, was executed, and that he died soon after the death of Robert Hall, Adam Clark and Richard Watson. Mr. Dow traveled and labored in Europe, and it was while visiting the southeast of Ireland that his labors were blessed in the conversion of a Miss Browning and members of her family, who were of English ancestry and decided Episcopalians. This same Miss Browning soon afterwards became the wife of a Wesleyan minister, Rev. Wm. Guard, who was the father of Rev. Thomas Guard, who was born in 1831, and died in Baltimore last October.

While speaking of Mr. Guard, let me refer to a monument placed over his grave, and the appropriate services that were held on last Monday, when the monument, erected by the members of the Baltimore Conference at a cost of \$400, was formally transferred to the care and keeping of the Mount Vernon Place congregation. Mr. Guard's remains rest in Greenmount Cemetery; so do those of the late Bishop Ames. In some respects this looks strange, as Mount Olivet Cemetery is a Methodist interest; but Greenmount is a lovely place, and Methodists are buried there as well as in Mount Olivet and London Cemeteries. I may add that the lectures recently published, while they are very fine, do but little justice to the ability and eloquence of Mr. Guard, as all will admit who have known and heard him. Although he was always a hard student, gathering thoughts wherever they could be found, and moulding them to suit his own mind and genius, yet his greatest efforts and loftiest flights came under an impulse, and were rendered so rapidly that no pen could report them. To have been known and properly appreciated, Thomas Guard must have been heard, not read.

It is cheering to be able to report progress in religion and morals throughout this section, which I am able to do, and also to say that strong convictions and moral sentiments are increasing and deepening. The condition of the churches will more than compare with former years, and pastors and people are doing well. The question of Sabbath desecration is not now agitated as in former years, both here and in Baltimore, where the Lord's Day is as strictly observed as on any part of the globe. And as to camp-meetings, which are soon to begin, the running of Sunday trains will be on a small scale. And why? Chiefly because the majority of Christians for nearly ten years did not go to our camps, and let a few preachers, camp-meeting associations, and classes not righteous enough get their full benefit. It was such desecrations of the Sabbath and the extensive running of trains that aroused the ministers of Baltimore against Emory Grove, some years ago. But has it not been purified by punishment since? And now it comes out again and it is to have a religious camp-meeting in August, the railroad companies submitting to its terms. A number of other meetings will come off in August in this section, and the Washington Grove camp is no longer to take "rebate" on Sunday travel. Its prospects are bright.

Now cottages are being erected on the grounds and already some families have gone there for the entire summer. Bishop Andrews is a true and faithful overseer of the church, and always, when here, in labors more abundant. On last Sunday he was in Baltimore and preached in connection with Commencement exercises at the Centenary Biblical Institute, where hundreds of colored people are being educated, and which to-day stands gazing on a bright future.

With Prof. J. Emory Round and President W. M. Fryslinger at its head, and the religious community liberally sustaining it, what is to be feared, if faithful to its trust?

Here in Washington we are belted in with local prohibition, except along the waters of the Potomac. The history of the work in Maryland for the past ten years is a marvel in many ways—a marvel if we look at the feeble agency at first, the difficulties in the way, the training of sentiment, and the remarkable results. And although but little over fifteen of the twenty-three counties of the State are under the control of prohibition, the difficulties are partly over and victory nearly won. The sentiment of the masses and the press (secular, I mean) are with temperance, and the politicians and legislature know and feel it. Over a month ago the ninth State Temperance Alliance was held in Baltimore, and in interest and enthusiasm exceeded all its predecessors. Among the speakers were Gov. St. John of Kansas, Mrs. J. Ellen Foster of Iowa, and Rev. D. C. Babcock, who each appeared to the best advantage. A few days after the Alliance closed, over three new counties came under prohibition laws. Mr. Wm. Daniel, the originating spirit of the movement, was, as usual, re-elected president of the Alliance. Preparations are being made to carry conquest into Baltimore itself; but that is environed with vast difficulties. Washington is at the command of Congress in this respect, but is trying to hold its own, with faithful women leading.

Just as I write these lines I learn that the Centennial Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the diocese of Maryland has closed, after deliberations for several days. The presiding bishop is Dr. Pinkney, a native of Annapolis, Md., and converted to God under the labors of the late Dr. John Polsal. Bro. Pinkney became a local preacher, and soon after went to Princeton College to study for the ministry. There he became a Calvinist, and that ended his Methodism. The convention was interesting in its way, and had plenty of addresses and essays read. It had not so much fighting and angry controversy as on former years, although enough to show that its elements are heterogeneous, being about equally divided on high and low church doctrines.

It is apropos here to make mention of the ninth General Council of the Reformed Episcopal Church that closed in Baltimore last Monday. It was well attended, and the greatest harmony prevailed. The leading members of the church were present, and the prospects of the future looked better than for years before. Among the things done at this council may be named the acceptance of 160 acres of land, the gift of Mr. Martin, to erect a seminary at Chicago.

Things continue lively here, the city is quite populated, and, as already intimated, churches show little signs of summer. Metropolitan Church has fine congregations once more, and its pastor, Rev. Dr. Huntley, is an earnest, scholarly and sincere man. Its outlook is good. Fountry has been holding its own, and has been increased in members from other churches who have been moving into its locality. I may also add that Roman Catholics and Episcopalians are very strong and their churches fashionable. Every one admits the great influence Gen. Sherman's wife has wielded here, as she is a decided and zealous Roman Catholic, and her son is still studying to be a Jesuit priest. In fact, nearly all religions are represented here—Baptists and Presbyterians of old and new school, as well as Methodist Episcopal, Methodist Protestants and Free Methodists. This last denomination are only a handful, and why they are called "Free" is a mystery, except that they so freely profess holiness, and just as freely abuse all other Christians, especially the church that saved them. Washington has also a few others who call themselves members of the National Christian Association. They are as bigoted as Free Methodists, and both denounce masons and secret societies as the cause of all crime. Indeed, I have been told they have secret societies to protest against all secret societies! I know of no class of people here so incorrigible and uncharitable, and they are fond of making mischief.

June 2, 1883.

FROM WASHINGTON (2).

MR. EDITOR: The work of the W. C. T. U. is being wonderfully blessed of the Lord in our city. In March last the ladies obtained access to the soldiers at the Arsenal, holding meetings in the library. A temperance union was formed. At first only fourteen names were enrolled, now 92 have signed the pledge and enrolled their names in the union.

Last Sunday at 1.30 the soldiers' society had charge of the public meeting at Masonic Hall. Ten of the soldiers came on the platform and gave clear testimony of the saving grace of God. When the "boys in blue" are Christians, our nation is safe. Interesting meetings are being held at the Baltimore & Ohio railroad depot, and much good is being done. Six colored churches have opened their doors to the Union—three Methodist, one Presbyterian, one Baptist, and one Episcopal. There is much need, and a great field for usefulness among the colored people in temperance work. Successful work is being accomplished among unfortunate women.

On Thursday last an election took place in Alexandria Co., Va., just across the river. The ladies of the Union went over and won the election for local temperance. They took a melodeon, sang temperance songs, prayed, talked and worked from 7 A. M. to 6 P. M. Each man who voted local option had placed in his button-hole a white ribbon. At 12 M. luncheon of bread and butter, ham and lemonade was served to the white-ribbon men. The colored vote is three to one for each white. Some of the old gray-headed colored men were very

happy and said to the ladies, "Bless de Lord, ole mistress! Never did see such 'lection afore!" Some of the younger colored men are well educated. The whiskey men were there in full force with paid emissaries. "But if de Lord is for us, who shall be against us?" The majority was large, the victory complete, and four gin-shops within the space of two miles were closed for three years at least, and the colored men who patronized them can now use the money once spent there, for their families that were often on the point of starvation because all the money earned in the brick-yards close by went on Saturday night to pay whiskey bills.

The regents of Mt. Vernon have just closed a session at that place. Twenty were present. The mansion and grounds are in a most perfect condition, and it must cheer every patriotic heart to look upon the improvements made during the past few years. In the garden and conservatory particularly great pains have been taken to restore them to a primitive condition. Mrs. ex-Governor Pickens of South Carolina has charge of them, and she has made them beautiful indeed. All the rooms are now furnished except South Carolina and Florida. In August last the grand old oak under which Washington so often sat, was leveled by a storm. The stump is still there, and looked at by all who visit the place.

Mrs. Babcock has a mission school at the corner of 11th and R Streets, Lincoln Mission, under the care of the American Board. Twenty-three ladies—some of the city, other visitors from the North—have assisted her. The pupils have had object lessons in house-keeping, and have learned the books of the Bible and many of the Psalms, the Commandments, the creed, and beautiful songs, which they sing admirably. The number of pupils is 91. Every church in our land should have industrial schools where poor children can be taught useful employment by which they can make their own living, and become producers instead of consumers, and useful members of society.

L. E. D.

## Our Book Table.

No volume of biography lately issued from the press will be read with more interest, on this side of the Atlantic, than that of JOHN ADAMS DIX, by his son, Dr. Morgan Dix. It is published in two fine octavo volumes, in large type, uncut pages, with gilt top. It is illustrated with three steel engravings, taken at different ages, of Gen. Dix, and two of Mrs. Dix. It is written in all the warmth and pride of a son's affection recording an honored father's life, but is conscientiously, as well as ably, executed. Indeed, the subject is made largely to provide, by diary, correspondence and addresses, the material for the work. The autobiography of the early years is particularly charming. Gen. Dix was a native of New Hampshire, born in the old town of Bosworth. He relates with admirable vivacity his early school and academic days, pays a beautiful tribute to the character and religious devotion of his mother, records his army life as a cadet in the war of 1812, his subsequent preparation for law, and entrance upon legal practice at the bar. The son takes up the story of his entrance upon official life, filling, as he did in succession, nearly all the chief offices of state. He describes his subsequent senatorial life in Washington, his administration of the New York Post Office, his call to the national treasury, his ready offering of himself in defense of the country at the outbreak of the war, and the noble services, in various capacities, which he rendered, his ability as minister to France, and finally his vigorous execution of the duties of governor of the State of New York. The latter portion of this very interesting personal history will be quite familiar to many readers, but will be read with new interest, and even enhanced enjoyment. The work affords an excellent model of patriotism, of loyalty to conscience, and of intelligent Christian faith and devotion, for our young citizens, as well as a treasury of valuable opinions upon many of the vital political questions of the day. New York: Published by Harper & Brothers. For sale in Boston by Lee & Shepard. 2 vols., \$5.00.

From the same house we have a new and thoroughly revised edition of COMPARATIVE ZOOLOGY, STRUCTURAL AND SYSTEMATIC, by James Orton, A. M., Ph. D. The work has been carefully revised by Prof. Edw. A. Birge, of the University of Wisconsin, who has brought it into the latest generalizations of this science and made it, by far, the best text-book for academics and colleges upon this interesting branch of knowledge.

The Harpers also issue, in a very neat form, the fine story of Mrs. Constance Fenimore Woolson, which has appeared as a serial in their monthly, entitled, FOR THE MAJOR; and also the touching and well-told story of NAX, by Lucy C. Lillie, which has already been eagerly read by many in its serial form.

T. Y. Crowell & Co., Boston and New York, issue, in a very neat and attractive form, THE SEA AS SUNG BY THE POETS. Edited by Anna L. Ward. 12mo, 618 pp. The volume contains a well-selected collection of poems upon the sea, largely from the leading modern writers, with a few original pieces. It is a very handy collection for reference, and will prove a pleasant vacation companion in some sea-side residence during the coming heated season.

From the American S. S. Union we have the following fresh addition to the youth's library, GWENDOLINE; or, HALCOTS AND HALCOMBS, by Agnes Gibbrie. 81.10. The name of the writer is an adequate guarantee for purity, piety and excellent literary character of the volume. It teaches the important lesson how the heroine was prepared, by divine discipline, for a life of extensive usefulness.

From the same house we have LARRY GILBERT, by Mrs. S. K. Beever; 90 cents. This is a pleasant story of school life and its temptations, of the perils besetting young lads entering into business occupations, of the way a good master may save a tempted boy, and of the power of religious faith to keep a lad faithful in school and in the perils of trade.

Walden & Stowe publish an excellent little volume, entitled, A HAND-BOOK OF INDIA AND BRITISH BURMAH, by W. E. Robbins. This useful work presents, in succinct form, almost everything about India that one needs to know to have an intelligent idea of the importance of the character of the work, the condition of the people, their institutions, reli-

gions, the missionary work already accomplished, zenana work, Pauline self-support, and the call for men and money. It will be specially handy for reference in preparing missionary sermons and addresses. It has a good map and several illustrations.

LITTLE BROWN-TOP, by Edward A. Rand. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price, \$1.25. A charming story in this list of Mrs. Rand's, full of life and keenly calculated to arouse in the mind of the young reader an ambition to do his best. The scene opens in Boston, but changes to an out-of-the-way country town, where a young lady, the principal character of the story, goes to teach school. "Little Brown-Top" is the name given to the school-house, which she young teacher finds in a most dilapidated condition. She enters upon her task with the determination to look only on the bright side of everything, and, as a natural consequence, her pleasant ways and sunny disposition make all the failures in the district her friends. Her influence is soon felt among the pupils, as well as the pupils, and many of the disagreeable features of the neighborhood disappear before the example of her brightness, her energy and love of order. The story of her experiences is thoroughly entertaining, and the reader is not only led to form a strong personal acquaintance with her work, but in the various other characters of the book.

Cassell & Co., Limited, New York, London and Paris, issue an American edition, revised and enlarged of *Missionaries: Their Trials and Triumphs*, by Robert Young, with an Introduction by Rev. J. H. Wilson, D. D., Edinburgh, \$2.00. For sale in Boston by Little, Brown & Co. The first edition of this useful volume was published a year ago; the present brings down the history to the latest reports. It is just the volume for the missionary, who, in the face of all that is to be done, needs to be reminded of the great work of modern missions in the great evangelical field, with sketches of the leading missionary laborers. To comprehend the full of incident and personal sketches, and is written in an attractive style. The pastor and the leader of the missionary concert will find it constantly serviceable in preparations for missionary meetings.

The same publishers issue two neat little volumes, entitled, *My Work for God*, by Right Rev. H. C. Potter, D. D., Bishop of Edinburgh, which pictures very impressively the witnessing work of the Christian church, and *My Obedience to Christ*, by Rev. F. Farrar, D. D., Canon of Westminster, who, in this little treatise, presents admirable rules for the conduct of life. These little pocket volumes are well adapted to be carried about and profitable as gifts, and for personal use in hours of meditation; 40 cents each.

Robert Carter & Brothers publish, in their beautiful uniform edition of the works of Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon, *FRAGMENTS FOR ARMIES; or, Illustrations for Preachers and Teachers*. From *My Note Book*. This volume is printed from the 25th London edition, which is an adequate intimation of its practical interest and value. The illustrations, which are, in part, incidents, stories, and current events, with a few lessons connected with them, are presented alphabetically, so that they can be readily used.

Roberts Brothers issue, in the same very neat form as his previous volume, *SIXTEEN AND SAINTS; A TALE ACROSS THE SEAS*, by Philip Robinson. His last volume was entitled "Under the Sun," and its scene was India. This bright and attractive writer has again, in this volume, taken the opposite side of the planet, in this work. The author gives the fullest, and, on the whole, the most favorable, aspect of Mormonism that has ever been written by the hand of a "Gentile." He is not unsavory of its evils, but finds many favorable words to say in its defense, or, rather, in defense of the Mormon people. The author visits the mining regions, and crosses the continent to San Francisco. The same habit of close observation, the constant recognition of the humorous side of incidents, the ready and picturesque even in description which characterized the previous volume, are apparent throughout the lively and entertaining pages of this new work. We cannot avoid admitting that the author's bias is in favor of the Mormons, but we can find little fault with the general temper of the volume. Few even of American travelers give us so vivid an idea of the social habits and conditions of the central and Pacific States of the Union.

A FASHIONABLE SUFFERER; or, Chapters from Life's Comedy, by Augustus Hoppin. Illustrated by the Author. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. This is an amusing caricature of a phase of modern social and domestic life. It is written in the dramatic form, and the characters are well drawn, and the conversations well managed and made quite characteristic. It is a book for the carter or for the student of the social and domestic life of the Union.

From J. B. Lippincott & Co. we have *ATHEISM AND THEISM*, by John G. Wilson. The writer is a hearty believer in a personal God, Maker of all worlds, and man's Creator. He accepts the genesis of sin as recorded in the story of the Pentateuch. He believes in a divine plan of redemption, which will ultimately recover all the children of Adam to holiness and heaven; and this theory, with much positive evidence of its truth, is set forth in this little volume.

RIPE GRAPES; or, The Fruits of the Spirit, by Rev. W. H. Poole, LL. D. In a series of vigorously-written chapters, the fruits of the Spirit, as set forth by the apostle Paul, are illustrated and enforced. These are the outward marks and results of a holy heart. The book is eminently practical and useful. It should be carefully studied by all seeking divine communion and participation in a full redemption through the efficacious working of the Holy Spirit and the obedience of faith. Cincinnati, O.: Published by Walden & Stowe. For sale in Boston by Magee. Price 75 cents.

## The Magazines.

We take up the June *Popular Science* with pleasure, and turn at once to the continuation of Dr. Oswald's "Remedies of Nature" and read his concluding remarks on consumption. The readers will remember the emphatic terms in which we called attention to the value and importance of the first paper on this subject in the May number. We are equally earnest in our commendation of this paper. These two articles alone would save the price of a year's subscription to this capital magazine, in nearly every family in the land, in its saving their practical advice would effect in the items of cough-drops and cough medicines. Other papers in this issue are of unusual practical merit. Take the first of "Medical Quacks and Quackeries;" (Continued on page 7.)



### The Sunday School.

SECOND QUARTERLY REVIEW.  
Sunday, June 24.

BY REV. W. O. HOLWAY, U. S. N.

#### I. Prefatory.

Our lessons during the past quarter have been taken almost consecutively from Acts, the eighth to the fourteenth chapter, covering the history from the dispersion of the Pentecostal church at Jerusalem in the persecution following Stephen's martyrdom, to the end of Paul's first missionary journey (A. D. 37 to A. D. 46).

#### II. Lesson Analysis.

1. The topic of Lesson I (Acts 8: 1-17) was "Simon the Sorcerer." The principal points were: The successful preaching of Philip in Samaria; the visitation of Peter and John, and the descent of the Holy Spirit; the base attempt of Simon the sorcerer, who had joined the ranks of the believers, to purchase from Peter the power to bestow the Holy Spirit with his priceless gifts upon whomsoever he might lay his hands; Peter's indignant rebuke—"Thy silver perish with thee!—for having dared to harbor the thought that the gift of God was purchasable with money; his further exposure of the sorcerer's corruption of heart—"in the gift of bitterness and bond of iniquity"—and his exhortation to repentance and prayer for forgiveness; Simon's humble request that the apostles would pray for him; and the return of Peter and John to Jerusalem, preaching by the way.

2. "Philip and the Ethiopian" was the subject of Lesson II (Acts 8: 26-40). Principal points: Philip directed by an angel to leave Samaria, and go to the road that led to Gaza from Jerusalem; his obedience; his discovery of the Ethiopian eunuch, the treasurer of Queen Candace, riding in his chariot, on his return from Jerusalem, and reading from the roll of Isaiah; the angelic direction to join him to the chariot; his question, "Understandest thou what thou readest?" the eunuch's confession of his need of guidance, and his invitation to Philip to come up and sit with him; his perplexity as to the prophecy of the Messiah being "led as a lamb to the slaughter;" Philip's application of the prophecy to Jesus; the eunuch's conversion and baptism; Philip's miraculous disappearance; the eunuch's joy; and Philip's subsequent evangelization of the Philistine coast from Azotus to Caesarea.

3. In Lesson III (Acts 9: 1-18) we considered "Saul's Conversion." Saul's "exceeding madness" against Christ's followers; his authorization from the high priest to go to Damascus, and bring the disciples "bound" to Jerusalem; the "sudden light" which shined about him as he neared the city, striking him to the earth; the voice that asked, "Why persecutest thou Me?" the announcement that it was Jesus who addressed him; Saul's blindness; his humble entrance into the city; his three days' abstinence and prayer; his vision of Ananias coming in and laying his hand upon his eyes; the message to Ananias; his reluctance; the assuring prediction that Saul was "a chosen vessel;" his visit to Saul; the recovery of the latter's sight and his baptism—were the principal points of the lesson.

4. "Saul Preaching to the Gentiles" was the topic of Lesson IV (Acts 9: 19-31). The following were the principal points: Saul preaching in the synagogues at Damascus; the amazement and anger of the Jews at his course; the plot to kill him; the gates watched; his escape by means of a basket let down from the wall at night; his visit to Jerusalem; his attempt to join himself to the disciples; their distrust; Barnabas' intervention and plea in his behalf; Saul's admission to fellowship by the apostles; his bold preaching; the plots against him; his secret escape by the brethren to Caesarea, and departure to Tarsus; and the repose and multiplication of the church.

5. In Lesson V (Acts 9: 32-43) our topic was "Peter Working Miracles." Peter's visit to Lydda; the healing of Aeneas; the fame of the miracle, and the conversion of Aeneas to the faith; the death of Dorcas at Joppa; the testimonies to her worth and goodness; Peter sent for; his exclusion of the mourners from the chamber; his prayer; the resurrection of Dorcas; and new converts—were the important facts of the lesson.

6. "Peter Preaching to the Gentiles" was the topic of Lesson VI (Acts 10: 34-44). The leading points were: The vision of Cornelius in which he was bidden to send for Peter at Joppa; Peter's "trance," in which he was taught, by the vision of a great sheet let down from heaven, containing four-footed beasts, and reptiles and fowls of the air, which he was bidden to eat, that nothing was to be esteemed common or unclean which God had cleansed; Peter's journey to Caesarea; the welcome from the centurion; the soldier's attempted homage, promptly checked by the apostle; Peter's address, opening with the memorable statement that he had been taught the lesson that "God is no respecter of persons," etc.; his narrative of Jesus' life, ministry, endowments, goodness, crucifixion, resurrection, and exaltation as the destined Judge of the quick and the dead; the testimony of the prophets that remission of sins should be granted to every one believing on His name; and the sudden and astonishing descent of the Spirit at this moment, with Pentecostal signs and power, upon the un-baptized Gentiles as well as upon the Jews present.

7. In Lesson VII (Acts 11: 16-30) we considered "The Spread of the Gospel." The Gospel carried by the persecuted and dispersed saints to Phenice, Cyprus and Antioch, but chiefly to the Jews at Antioch; the opposition which they met; and how they explained it.

8. What opposition was excited, and how did he escape?

9. Where did he then go?

10. What did he try to do?

11. Who proved a friend?

12. What made him leave Jerusalem?

13. Where did he then go?

14. In Lesson V, where did Peter go?

15. Whom did he heal?

16. What wonderful miracle was there wrought?

17. What was Cornelius, and what vision did he have?

18. What vision did Peter have, and what did it teach him?

19. Tell what occurred at the meeting of the soldier and the apostle.

20. Give the points of Peter's sermon.

21. What remarkable interruption occurred, and how do you explain it?

22. How far did the Gospel spread as the result of the persecution which followed Stephen's martyrdom?

23. To whom was it first confined?

24. Where, by whom, and with what success, was it preached to the Gentiles?

25. What did the Jerusalem church do, on learning of it?

26. What did Barnabas do? What help did he seek?

27. Give the origin of the title "Christians."

28. What prediction was made by Agabus, and what course was taken?

29. Who started a new crusade against the church, and with what motive?

30. Who was his first victim?

31. Whom did he then arrest?

32. What precautions were taken?

33. What did the church do?

34. Detail Peter's deliverance.

35. Where were the first foreign missionaries called to their work?

36. Who called them, and who were they?

37. Where did they first go? Where next?

38. What opposition and what success did they meet with at Paphos?

39. Where did the apostles go after leaving Cyprus?

40. Where next did they go, and what success did they have?

41. What opposition was aroused, and why?

42. What resulted?

43. What was their next point?

44. Tell the story of their labors and opposition.

45. What miracle did Paul work at Lystra?

46. What interpretation was put upon it, and what did the apostles do?

47. What suddenly assailed was made at Lystra, and why?

48. Explain Paul's recovery.

49. What place was next visited?

50. What perilous course was then taken?

51. Describe the return to Antioch.

52. What report did the apostles make?

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[ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE, BOSTON, MASS., AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.]

# Zion's Herald.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13, 1883.

Human selfishness inclines prosperous men to wrap themselves in a downy cloak of indifference to the wails of the suffering and the distresses of the deserving poor. "Are we our brothers' keepers?" is their Cain-like inquiry. But when Christian charity expels selfishness, it says, "Let no man seek his own, but each his neighbor's good" (R. V.). Hence, every truly regenerate man ceases to live to himself alone, and, by the law of his new spiritual life, looks to the welfare of his neighbors, as springs, by the law of nature, incline to run toward the vales below them. By prayer, by high example, by righteous conversation, by material gifts, he constitutes himself by choice a leaven in society. Though he be but a humble layman, he remembers that "a private Christian is invested with the care and keepership of others as well as a minister of the Gospel." In full view of this divine duty, he not merely refuses to complain, but rather rejoices over his obligation to do good, exclaiming, "I delight to do Thy will, O God!"

A letter duly signed by one whose handwriting is well known to its recipient, is accepted as indubitable proof that its author is living. Paul, in calling his Corinthian brethren "the epistle of Christ," evidently meant to teach that their pure lives were as truly demonstrations of the work of a living Christ as a letter is of the existence and work of a friend. Their purity was the fruit of their faith in Him. But is it not both the privilege and the duty of every modern believer to be "an epistle of Christ?" Were Christians so steeped in the love of Christ as to be habitually dissolved in tenderness and admiration of God's hatred of sin and His love of the sinner as manifested in the gift of Christ, they would be such epistles. For, says the devout Chalmers, "I know nothing that more realizes Christ to us than when we read Him in one of His own living epistles, when we see His ownship before us in the heart and habits of a fellow Christian."

A desire to do good! How soon this is felt on experiencing the new life! And the desire is to begin at once. Love-power now moves the whole man to extend the helping hand to something or somebody. To glorify God in doing good is now a new thought, and it acts with great power in calling into requisition the entire being. "Oh, it is wonderful to think," says a distinguished writer, "that by a ransomed soul God can be glorified. His love impels; and God-given faith sustains and triumphs over all that impedes. There is the habitual prayer of faith. There is the love of souls, growing, by God, into an absorbing passion. There is the delight of wrestling and longing for times of refreshing. There is the joy of bearing glad tidings. There is the sworn consecration and loyalty to the King of grace and glory; and there is also the gentle drawing of the Good Spirit on all who are justified by the blood—summoning to labor, sympathy, effort, self-denial and prayer. What powers and motives are these!" Heart-loyalty to Christ belongs to the new life, and it has a wonderful power in labors to save the perishing. With this we can accomplish wonders.

The paragon of an itinerant preacher ought to be, if not spacious and elegant, yet a cheerful and comfortable home. It is a bitter trial to a cultivated woman subjected to the inconveniences inseparable from life in our ministry, to find herself in a dreary, badly built, cramped, half-furnished, inconvenient parsonage. Nevertheless, if it really be the very best the church is able to provide, she will not fret her pretty away, but accept it as cheerfully as she may, as something to be borne for the Master's sake. One preacher's wife once lived in a house which had but one room that served as parlor, kitchen, bedroom, servant's room, and store. Its walls were low; it stood on damp ground which in wet weather emitted an intolerable stench. Her husband, poor man, after being sick, laid with intermittent fever, then with cholera, and finally with typhus fever, told her that he thought he must leave his work. But that devoted

woman, instead of being glad, actually shed tears at the thought of leaving a place where her husband's services were so greatly needed. What a noble spirit! What sublime tears! Yes; but she was a missionary's wife in Fiji! Had she been in the home work among a people able, but unwilling, to give her a comfortable home, instead of weeping she would have rejoiced, and that most righteously, to quit the place.

Manner—how much depends on it! No matter how worthy the object, or rich the gift bestowed, the manner often belittles the object, and largely destroys the good effect of the gift. We have known many persons become almost useless in the church and in society by their manner of doing things. Some think no matter how a thing is done, if it is only done. Such are greatly mistaken. Study to do everything in the best possible way for doing the greatest amount of good. The pulpit is often greatly in fault in the manner. How many ministers fail, not for want of culture, ability, fidelity or piety, but wholly on account of their method of doing things. Their sermons may be of the highest order both in thought and arrangement, but the manner of their delivery destroys any great good they may do to the hearers. There are ministers of rare talent, of extensive culture, earnest piety and an ardent desire to be in the ministry, largely laid aside, just for the manner of their pulpit ministrations. Instances illustrating this fact might be given. Study to present truth so as best to accomplish the purposes intended, and let no one think that a careless, heedless, indifferent manner will do much in making one acceptable and useful in the pulpit or elsewhere.

## A NEW MISSIONARY ELEMENT.

One of the most serious obstacles to the spread of Christianity in heathen lands, has been the presence of unworthy representatives of it in the form of commercial traders and permanent residents engaged in business. These have proved sad illustrations of the moral influence of the Christian faith. But a new era is opening—an extraordinary era of travel and general observation and study. The romance which invested the hour of discovery is over, and its perils also. The dangers, as well as the novelty, of journeying in heretofore hidden portions of the earth, like the centre of the "Dark Continent," gave a strange fascination to the daring effort for a few adventurous spirits. But now the whole world is accessible, with little danger of personal injury, to the footsteps of any eager tourist. The means of rapid communication are every day increased. At this time the trip around the world, which gave such *éclat* to the great navigator, centuries ago, has become an every-day affair. A year, now, gives an ample space for a quite leisurely tour from New York to San Francisco, and thence to Japan, China, India, back through Europe, and home again. We have a friend, a Christian gentleman of property, and in no active business, who is taking the second trip of this kind at the present time. He visits all the mission stations in his route, comforts the laborers in the field, and stands ready for any personal service in his power to build up the kingdom of Christ in the world.

We can readily see what has been the influence upon Europe of this constant and vast movement of Protestant Christians through its Roman Catholic countries. English and American families make their homes for longer or shorter periods in France, Germany and Italy. Already this silent but irresistible social influence has broken down all legal barriers to the free utterance of religious opinions and the enjoyment of worship according to any chosen form. Active organizations have been formed, and evangelical piety is now everywhere aggressive throughout the papal States. Every new devout Protestant visitor becomes interested in these movements, and he adds to them the force of his influence and the aid of his contributions. It was a visit to Paris for rest and physical refreshment that gave to that city, and the whole empire, the self-sacrificing and remarkably successful mission of Rev. Mr. McAll. At this hour there are so many American young ladies in Italy, that a movement is on foot for the establishment of a seminary of the highest class, under the supervision of American ladies, for the common benefit of Italian and American girls. Germany is feeling powerfully the influence of the thousands of English and American visitors, of an eminently devout character, tarrying in her university cities and holding conference with her leaders of thought.

But this itinerary is to have a wider field. Thousands will now seize the favorable opportunities for visiting the older civilizations, and for personally verifying the strange statements of its characteristics and customs before they are forever changed. They do not go to enter into business, but many of them to throw their influence on the side

of Christian evangelization, and to aid with their presence and voice the blessed work of spreading the Gospel. Their visits will certainly be fruitful in good every way to the Christian cause. The great openings for usefulness, the appalling condition of the millions crowding the country, the divine convictions which will flash upon the soul, will be sure to have practical results in reinforcing the work at many points. The missionaries will necessarily be, for the present, the hosts and the guides of these visitors from home shores. The presence of the latter will give countenance and added social power to the disciples of the foreign faith, and they will become, upon their return, a very sensitive bond of connection between the distant missions and the home supplies.

The tide is liable, also, to flow freely from the other side. We may, for awhile, stay the incoming of the laboring thousands from China, but the educated classes of the Orient will now be constantly urging their inquiries among the Western nations. This interchange of visits will not secure at once numerous conversions, but it will create in the East a Christian atmosphere which will rapidly disintegrate the walls of superstition that now prevent the entrance of truth. It will cause the certain, even if slow, decay of every form of Oriental religion. Already this work is so perceptibly effected in India, that the leading Hindoo minds affirm that it is only a question of time, and even that a limited period, and Christianity will have conquered all the other faiths of the country.

When this is done, missionary work is only just begun; a better faith must actually pervade the hearts of these millions. A great work of social elevation must occur before the true power of Christianity can be developed. The governments and the leaders of the people must become truly Christianized. But this rapid interchange of men and opinions, this pouring into these stereotyped peoples of streams of new life, this powerful awakening of the sensibilities of the West by the actual sight of the wretchedness and moral want of the East, will prove a fresh and powerful inspiration to missionary consecration and sacrifice. Bishop Foster says, to his dying day he shall never be able to erase from his memory the visions he had in India. "The sad fate of these millions," he writes, "affects me almost to frenzy." Other Christian visitors, by hundreds, will follow in his footsteps and bring back to us the same vivid pictures. We shall not be able to hear their burning words unmoved. The reaction of these visits will be profoundly felt from one end of Christendom to the other, and a great quickening of endeavor must follow, to send to these wretched multitudes that leaven of Christianity which brings peace and purity to the soul and mental and social elevation to the race.

## THE OLD ROMANISTS.

One of the instructive tendencies of human nature is shown in the ever-repeated attempt to "get a corner" in religious things. Sectarianism is not attachment to our corps of the Christian army, not even a belief that ours is the best, but rather a feeling that we have the key of the temple of God, and that nobody can get in except as we unlock the door. Romanism brandishing the keys of Peter—keys which, poor dear man, he never had!—is the most stupendous "corner" in divine promises that was ever attempted. But Rome did not invent; she borrowed from the old Jewish Church. The first Romanists were the Hebrews. Their entire history is a history of an absurd and irrational interpretation of divine promises. They simply supposed that they were "the chosen posterity" because of their natural birth—that they were born heirs; and that they had an exclusive right to officially receive or reject, pass upon the credentials and determine the genuineness of, the Messiah. Nothing could ever pound this delusion out of the old Romanists. They were "the chosen," "the elect," and they were born so; it was an inheritance which came by blood, and not by the spirit. However unlike Abraham in faith, they held on by means of ritual and ordinances to the religious primacy of the world. St. Paul wrestles with this delusion through two chapters of Romans; perhaps only because there were a few Jewish Christians and non-Christian Jews at Rome to debate over the rights of the old Protestants, with Paul for an apostle, to reckon descent from Abraham by the line of faith.

There are several questions that have a practical as well as speculative interest, in this domain of old Romanism. The unbelieving Jew practically claimed an official right in the church at Jerusalem to pass upon

the claims of the Messiah. On the basis of the rejection of Jesus by the Jerusalem church, he said: "If Jesus is the Messiah, then God has broken His word; and Paul has to show the stubborn sacramentalist that he is talking foolishly. God had entered into no engagements as to the Messiah except with the spiritual Israel. This spiritual Israel had received the Messiah. 'I myself am a Jew, for example,' Paul adds. But think what a stupendous assumption underlay the old Romanist creed. It substantially bolted the Messiah out of the world. It assumed to keep the gate by which the Lord himself should come to His people. But modern Romanism as effectually shuts Christ up in heaven and denies Him access to the world which it seeks to administer in His name. Both claim the right to authenticate or condemn the spiritual acts which Messiah performed and performs in attestation of His authority. But the old Romanist makes more vivid for us the sublime audacity of his sacerdotalism. That a body of men should say, 'This is not the Messiah,' and claim their decision as a finality, amazes us. How under such a rule of judgment could Messiah ever get into the world? But the modern Romanist blocks Christ's way to every heart by a like dictum; assuming to authenticate or reject His work of redemption in every human soul by tests of its own making.

Another question relates to the basis of authority in the decision that the claims of Jesus are good or bad. Where does this authority rest? Where can it rest but in the individual conscience and right reason? We put the question simply; and it seems almost true. And yet all sacerdotalism and all sacramentalism assume that there is and must be some other tribunal. But that overthrows freedom at a stroke. Each man has the right to a judgment for himself, or nobody has any right. Then it is folly to talk of evidence, to argue and convince. "Let the judge speak; God has given him an office of wisdom and a hand of power; believe in the authority of the church, or be damned." There is really no sort of middle ground. It is a very different thing to point to the church and its perpetuation, to the body of believers and their testimony. Here we are presenting evidence to that august tribunal, the individual mind and conscience. The individual mind at Jerusalem or the Pope at Rome has no more power to say, "This is the Christ," than had the woman of Samaria. She exercised that right, giving the evidence that had come to her, and men believed. Any John Smith of to-day has the same right. And it is no exaggeration to say that only or mainly by such testimony as that of the woman of Samaria and of the delivered demoniac of Gadara, are men led to believe in Christ as the Saviour of the world. It is the main business of the official church to produce such witnesses by maintaining the preaching of the Gospel in the world. But every saved man is a witness on a higher level than any council or Pope.

Another question is, What is Paul's subject in the ninth of Romans? It is certainly not election. That is a subordinate question, and concerns nothing but the divine distribution of privileges, and these very privileges he afterwards returns to as added responsibilities; the Jew making his boast of the law is by the law to be judged as no other man is to be judged. But plainly the main theme in the ninth chapter is the right of the Jew by blood to finally reject the Christ and deny Him to the whole world of men as well as to himself. Forgetting all the tomes of metaphysical theology, and reading Paul as we would read Cicero or Bacon, we see at once that Paul is cutting away the foundations on which the old Romanists rested their claims to a spiritual jurisdiction over mankind—their claim that the promises of God to Israel put into their human hands the keys that are never loosed from the girdle of Omnipotence.

## BRIEF MENTION.

—Congratulations to the new Doctor of Divinity! Baldwin University, Berea, Ohio, has bestowed its honors this year upon Rev. O. A. Brown, of the Brooklyn St. Church.

—The Episcopal Methodist of Baltimore comes out in a new and handsome typographical dress. We congratulate its publisher, and editor upon its greatly improved appearance.

—Among the Circulars of Information issued by the Bureau of Education, the first for the present year is a useful compilation of the legal provisions in the different States respecting the examination and licensing of teachers.

—The State Charities Aid Association, 6 East 14th St., New York city, issue a valuable document entitled "Suggestions for the Use of Workers Among the Poor." This pamphlet is the result of years of practical experience, and suggests to all engaged, individually or representing societies, in reformatory work, the most practical measures for elevating the poor and miserable, and matters that ought to be understood by all per-

sons visiting the poor, the vicious, and the sick.

—This is emphatically the platform month. Hundreds of unfledged orators are shouting forth their graduating addresses. They will add little to the world's literature, but will cause many a parson's heart to swell with honest pride, not to speak of the inspiration the youthful declaimers will derive themselves from the effort.

—Rev. N. G. Axtell, who holds his relation with the East Maine Conference, but did not take an appointment this year, supplies the pulpit of the First Congregational Church in Vernon, Conn. Rev. Mr. Axtell is a preacher of marked ability, and will be well appreciated in the pulpit he is now supplying.

—Howard Gammett & Co. issue the *School-er's Quarterly* for the third quarter, commencing July 1. It is a well-prepared help to teachers and scholars in the International Lessons. The third quarter commences with the book of Joshua in the Old Testament. 25 cents for the four yearly numbers.

—The *Sidereal Messenger* for June has able papers upon "Mountain Observatories," by E. C. Pickering, and the "Distance and Direction of the Centre of the Sidereal System," by Jacob Emis, with a large amount of interesting editorial miscellany. It is published at Carleton Coll., Northfield, Mass.

—A firm of Bridgeport architects, Messrs. Palliser, Palliser & Co., issue, on a sheet, full, lithographed working plans of an attractive six or eight room cottage, with or without a tower, with all necessary specifications for either. The expense of the very tasteful building varies between two and three thousand dollars.

—Rev. J. W. Hamilton delivered a thoughtful and impressive address in Naatic, on Memorial Day, taking for his topic "National Assimilation." He contended ably and eloquently for one broad national civilization, absorbing and conquering all the foreign and antagonistic social varieties now entering into the life of our great republic.

—Rev. Henry B. Hibben, chaplain in the U. S. Navy, lately a resident on the Cape, now of Philadelphia, delivered an address on Memorial Day at Mount Moriah, which has been published at the request of the officers of the Post. His subject was the "Lessons of the Civil War." The address was beautiful, practical and eloquent.

—Very interesting memorial services were held in the Hudson Avenue M. E. Church, Albany, of which Bishop Peck was once the pastor. A large number of ministers were present, and very impressive addresses were made by Rev. J. E. C. Sawyer, presiding elder of the district, Rev. Dr. Joseph E. King, and Rev. Dr. B. Hawley.

—The Worcester *Daily Spy*, of June 4, prints in full the excellent address delivered by Principal Alfred S. Roe, of the City High School, on Memorial Day, before Post 10 of the Grand Army. His theme was "The Young Man in the Rebellion; what he did and what he learned." The subject was made a very practical one, and was impressively illustrated.

—We heartily hail the fresh delegations of young scholars just graduated, to the open public sentiment in reference to the use of the business and professional circles of life. The world is never crowded before a diligent and dutiful laborer. A trust in the divine Guide and a persistent purpose will always cause the apparently iron doors of Providence to open without hands before them.

—Rev. Thomas Timmins, secretary of the "Band of Mercy"—a fruitful outgrowth of the Society for the Protection of Animals—has prepared for general circulation a history of the founding, aims and growth of these bands of mercy, and the prizes offered in the business and professional circles of life. The world is never crowded before a diligent and dutiful laborer. A trust in the divine Guide and a persistent purpose will always cause the apparently iron doors of Providence to open without hands before them.

—We have carefully read Mr. John W. Hoyt's article in the *Christian Advocate* upon "The Entertainment of Annual Conferences." It seems to differ in opinion from some of the editor of *Zion's Herald*, as he has a perfect right to do. We feel, however, in reference to his positions, as he says of the editor referred to, "we at home" do not consider it "as requiring any answer," the, in both instances, doubtless, standing for the writers of the several articles. The editor of *Zion's Herald* was not in that editorial specially discussed the question of "the entertainment of annual conferences." There are points in this New England Conference experiment, however, that will require, at the proper time and in the proper place, ample and candid discussion, and will doubtless have it.

—An interesting Presiding Elders' Convention has lately been held in Minneapolis, Minn. Bishop Foss presided. Dr. Kynett, Editor Edwards, and Agent Stowe, with other official guests, were present and participated in the sessions. A spirit of earnest devotion and of hearty loyalty prevailed throughout the sessions. The class-meeting was amply and very intelligently discussed. The most remarkable result reached, to our apprehension, was the vote of these conservative Western presiding elders upon the recommendation to repeal the disciplinary limitation to the pastoral term. The vote stood 26 in favor of 13 in opposition. This is certainly a very significant expression from an unexpected quarter.

—While busily engaged in his regular school work, Bishop H. W. Warren has been very vigorously and successfully engaged in raising money for the erection of the Gammon School of Theology, connected with Clark University, Atlanta, Ga. The institution has already been endowed with \$20,000 by the generous donor whose name it bears, and who also subscribed an additional \$7,000 towards the building. Bishop Warren presided at the meeting, and has already by indefatigable and we fear too incessant and heavy labors, raised over \$13,000. Between \$3,000 and \$4,000 more still remain to be secured. We trust he will hear from some of his many New England friends. The smallest sums will be gratefully acknowledged.

—It is a rare man who can keep one hotel successfully, but only a woman would ever think of keeping four at the same time. Our Mrs. E. Manson, so well known and so highly-esteemed at Orchard, not only has charge of the Augusta House in the capital of Maine, and of the Ocean House at Old Orchard, but has taken also the very finely situated Bay View House at Ferry Beach, one and one half miles west of Old Orchard, and besides this the Ingleside Cottage, which is very near the camp-meeting grounds. She has never before been quite able to provide for all who wished to spend their summers with her, but now her means are ample and her houses finely situated.

—The June number of the *Magazine of American History*, under the new régime, with Mrs. Martha J. Lamb as editor, is full

of interest and finely illustrated. Its frontispiece is an admirable steel portrait of Benjamin Franklin. The entertaining and instructive serial of "History," by Mrs. Lamb, is continued. The present paper records its history and material changes during the Revolutionary period. It is amply illustrated with steel portraits and engravings of public buildings. This number has interesting papers upon the "Franklin Manuscripts," the "Historical Status of the Indian Territory," the "University of the State of New York," and a great variety of editorial miscellany.

—The Woman's Home Missionary Society of our church held their second quarterly meeting at St. Paul's M. E. Church, Cincinnati. The report of the corresponding secretary was full of encouragement. The representatives of the Society had been heartily welcomed among the spring Conferences; many new auxiliaries have been formed; the work is increasing in efficiency at the South—in Savannah, Atlanta and New Orleans. In Texas and in Utah the missionary ladies sent out by the society are accomplishing blessed results. Mrs. Dumont's visits, in company with Mrs. Rust, at the North and East, have made a strong impression wherever she has been heard in behalf of the field cultivated by the society. Since last October the Society has received \$5,000.13.

—As it is somewhat difficult to secure speakers for the "Children's Day" (the second Sabbath) in June, other Sabbaths in the month will be chosen by some churches. The important thing is to have the day as nearly the same throughout the church as possible. It is well understood among us that one day is to be devoted to Christian education; that one collection on that day will be taken for the New England Education Society of our church; and that, at the children's festival on the same day, the collection will be taken for the "Sunday-school Fund of the Board of Education." However the churches may arrange for Children's Day, let not either of these two collections fail of being properly honored.

—The Temperance Alliance invited Hon. Geo. S. Hale to deliver an address before them last Wednesday. His discourse was a very candid and able discussion of the duty of all temperance men, particularly prohibitionists, to aid in securing the faithful execution of the present license law; and, indirectly, it was a defense of the righteousness and expediency of limiting or licensing the sale of liquors, by law.

—It was about the strongest argument ever presented on this side of the question, and was developed and illustrated in excellent temper and evidently with a strong personal conviction of the soundness of its positions. The address will undoubtedly be soon published in full. Several impromptu responses were made by gentlemen of the Alliance and audience, showing its apparently weak points. Judge Timman, among others, in a few sentences, affirmed the impossibility of securing the hearty enthusiasm of any sincere prohibitionist in sustaining a law which seemed to sanction a wrong while it attempted simply to limit it. Dr. Daniel Borchester was appointed to give the answer of the Alliance to the argument of Mr. Hale, at the next monthly meeting in September.

—It is a wholesome sign of an aroused public sentiment in reference to the use of obtaining, and the abuse of the opportunity for securing divorces, to notice the general reprobation throughout the press of the brutality and fraud of Major Nickerson, in obtaining a divorce from his wife—sending her with his daughter to Europe, without the slightest intimation of his purpose; promising to meet her when he could secure a leave of absence; dismissing her for the voyage with an apparently affectionate kiss; sending her money and writing regularly for a while; then ceasing to write to her, but sending remittances in letters to his daughter; obtaining for himself a divorce for desertion, in a Pennsylvania court, and immediately marrying again. Finally, the abused wife learns through her mother-in-law that her husband has been divorced from her and has another wife; she never having received the slightest intimation of his intentions. We trust the indignation of the community will preserve its heat long enough to secure the revision of laws permitting the possibilities of such social outrages. [We learn since writing this note that the Court has annulled the divorce.]

—The latest literary labor of the late Senator Sumner was the preparation of his manuscript, and the correction of the copy for the "autograph edition" of his works. In this he was assisted by several of his literary friends of unequalled critical skill and patience, who carefully looked up all the references and quotations. Few published volumes of the kind have ever been so thoroughly edited. The great work, which was expected to be completed in ten or twelve octavo volumes, has reached fifteen. The later volumes completing the series have been issued under the supervision of the literary executors of Mr. Sumner. His Life, as written by Hon. Edward L. Peirce, brings its records down to his entrance upon his legislative duties. These noble volumes, in the happiest form, give the rest of his personal and public history, and become his best permanent monument. The history of the country, in its most important and critical era, is involved in these masterly speeches, and every question that urged at the time the public mind is amply and fully discussed. The publication of these finely issued volumes was sustained by a list of subscribers containing a rare collection of the leading names in the land. Only a limited edition has been printed. For the present, full sets, or any of the volumes to complete the set, can be obtained of the publishers, Messrs. Lee & Shepard, at \$3 a volume in cloth. A full topical and analytical index has been prepared for the last volume, which opens at once the whole rich contents of the series to the student of history, or of political or social economy. It is a grand monument of high ability and broad scholarship, worthy of the noble senator whose utterances are so preserved for other generations, and an honor to the country to whose best interests he consecrated his life.

—It has been understood that Professor Park was preparing an important document relating to the Andover controversy over the "new movement," so called, among the Congregational ministry. This intimation has taken practical form in a stout pamphlet, handsomely printed, and published by Rand, Avery & Co. It is entitled, "The Associate Creed of Andover Theological Seminary," by Edward A. Park. The paper of the Professor is an elaborate exposition of the essential elements of the creed upon which Andover Seminary is founded, of the opinions and purposes of its founders, of the nature of the legal restrictions under which its endowments were bestowed, and of the requisitions upon all the members of its faculty, individually and as a body, to accept of the same, and to adhere to it as a solemn covenant. The whole question now in controversy between the new and old school Congregationalists is thoroughly canvassed in this very vigorous pamphlet. Dr. Park is unhesitating in his positions, and attacks the modern views of inspiration, of sin, of the atonement, and of the character of the church, with great earnestness, urging the incompatibility of such opinions

with the occupancy of a chair in a pronounced and legally established Calvinistic seminary. We only announce the nature of this strong presentation of the conservative side of the present controversy. Its adequate review would require more space than our columns admit. It will not fail to awaken very lively responses. While we may not be able to accept fully Dr. Park's Calvinistic theory of the doctrines of grace, on the question of the requisitions of the Andover act of incorporation he seems to us unanswerable.

—The New England Conference of the African M. E. Church was held this year at Lynn, in the Oxford St. Chapel, commencing Thursday, May 31, and closing Tuesday, June 5. It was composed of about twenty preachers, from all parts of New England, and was a body of very earnest, devoted men, some of whom have marked ability as public speakers. Bishop J. M. Brown presided, apparently with much wisdom, acceptability and dignity, being a man of much culture, amiability and refinement of manner. Many important matters were considered, such as missions, education, temperance, etc. The Sabbath was a day of remarkable interest. A love-feast, characterized by great fervor and religious enjoyment, was held at nine o'clock, followed by a plain, interesting and appropriate sermon by Bishop Brown upon Eph. 5: 26, 27, the theme being "The Purity, Power and Glory of the Church." One young man was ordained deacon. Sermons by members of the Conference were preached in the afternoon and evening.

The Bishop and Conference being invited to tea on Monday evening with Dr. Crowell, cordially accepted the invitation. It proved to be an occasion of exceeding great pleasure to both parties. It was very gratifying to find that three of the preachers of the Conference, who had been students of the Wilbraham Academy—the Bishop himself being one of them, in 1835, and the principalship of Dr. David Patten, of which time Bishop Gilbert Haven was at Wilbraham. Rev. Messrs. Parker of Providence, and Taylor of Salem, had been students. The occasion closed with songs and worship, and a most graceful and feeling expression of thanks for the courtesy of the hour by Bishop Brown. The remembrance of the pleasure enjoyed runs with all who were present at this interesting occasion.

—The telegraph of June 8 announces the not unexpected, but lamented, death of the venerable and esteemed Dr. Eliphalet Clark, of Portland—an eminent physician of the homeopathic school, the oldest in the State, and with Dr. Gray of New York, the founder of the American Institute of Homeopathy. Dr. Clark was born in Strong, Franklin County, graduated near sixty years ago from the Medical School of Bowdoin College, and immediately commenced practice in Portland. He was remarkably successful and secured a large patronage. This clung to him after his feeble health rendered it difficult and perilous for him to continue his practice. He had finally to remove out of the city to relieve himself of it. Many of our ministers consulted him with much profit. He was for a long period the most conspicuous layman in the Methodist Church in the northeastern portion of New England. He was a leader in Maine in educational movements, liberal in his gifts and wise in his counsels. He was devoted to his piety, fond of his church, but catholic in spirit. Of his genial temper, his home was the welcome resort of hundreds of warm friends, and his failing health was considered a public calamity. He has been for many years an invalid and a great sufferer, but has illustrated the power of grace to soften and sweeten the severest physical discipline. A full sketch of Dr. Clark's life will soon be provided for our columns. He was eighty-two.

—Commencement at Boston University, which occurred last week, was an occasion of much interest. The different schools of Music, Medicine, Law, Theology, of Liberal Arts and All Sciences, had their separate examinations, which were conducted with much care and thoroughness. The ministerial brethren from patronizing Conferences expressed themselves as greatly pleased with the examinations in the Theological School, with the manliness and piety of the students, and with their clear and positive opinions on the doctrines of grace, as held by the Methodist Episcopal Church. Dr. Warren's noble Baccalaureate sermon, both as delivered and as read in the *Advertiser*, met with appreciative acceptance from intelligent Christian scholars of other as well as of our own denomination. The different schools of the University had very interesting and animated alumni meetings during the week. Already the numbers of the more lately established colleges in the University have become large, while that of Theology now attracts a fine body of Methodist ministers from various portions of the country.

Commencement proper, at which nearly all the schools participated by their representatives, filled to its last seat Music Hall, and covered the platform with a body of many thousand professional men and distinguished educators. The Hall was made attractive by floral decorations, as well as by its hundreds of fair faces in the audience. Rev. O. A. Brown was the chaplain of the occasion. President Warren presided with his usual grace, and in very pertinent and musically rendered classical Latin introduced the speakers, and summoned the classes to receive their academic honors. The speaking was good. There were no brilliant performances, and no one fell below a fair average. Several might be specially noticed, but when all were so evenly excellent, a comparison would seem invidious. The ladies amply sustained their reputation, in matter, manner, and womanly modesty. There were ten addresses, each by a lady. The wide twenty-five or thirty graduates from the College of Liberal Arts, ten of whom were ladies; two graduates from the College of Music; nine from the College of Agriculture; thirteen from the School of Theology; fifty from the Law School; thirty-five from the School of Medicine, eleven of them ladies; and from the School of All Sciences, nine, two of them ladies who received the degree of A. M., while the gentlemen received that of Ph. D.

The promise for classes in all departments for the next year is very favorable. A larger class of young men will enter the College of Liberal Arts. The institution has enjoyed a very beautiful growth through the year. If its patrons will respond to the reasonable requests for endowment and scholarships, which will be made at an early date by the trustees, the University will enter upon a new era of broader and richer usefulness.

In the evening of Commencement Day a very pleasant reception was given by the trustees to the faculties, officers, alumni, graduates, and guests of the University.

—The memorial service of Bishop Peck, held at the Preachers' Meeting, last Monday, was a very impressive occasion. The singing was led by Dr. Bolton and his family, the devotional exercises by Dr. Mallinck. Rev. Elijah Horr, of Chelsea, presented a very discriminating and able portrait of the character of the Bishop, following an interesting sketch of his life and labors as an educator, a pastor, and a general superintendent in the church. Dr. Dorchester read a series



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## The Family.

### "THIS IS LIFE."

"I have planned much work for my life," she said:  
A girlish creature, with golden hair,  
And bright and winsome as she was fair.  
The days are full till he comes to wed;  
The clothes to buy, and the home to make  
A very Eden, for his dear sake."

But cares soon come to the wedded wife;  
She shares his duties, and hopes, and fears,  
Which lessen not with the waning years;  
For a very struggle, at best, is life;  
If we knew the burdens along the line,  
We should shrink to receive this gift divine.

Sometimes, in the hush of the evening hour,  
She thinks of the leisure she meant to gain,  
And the work she would do with her hand  
And brain.

"I am tired to-night; I am lacking power  
To think," she says; "I must wait until  
My brain is rested, and pulse is still."  
Oh! woman and man, there is never rest;  
Dream not of leisure that will not come  
Till age shall make you both blind and dumb.

You must live each day at your very best;  
The work of the world is done by a few;  
God asks that a part be done by you.

Say oft, of the year, as they pass from  
Sight—  
"This, *this* is life, with its golden store;  
I shall have it once, but it comes no more."

Have a purpose, and do with your utmost  
To-night; for  
You will finish your work on the other side;  
When you wake in his likeness, satisfied.  
—SARAH K. BOLTON, in *Congregationalist*.

## WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY Of the Presbyterian Church.

BY REV. W. H. PEARSE.

What an age we are living in! How full of contrasts, of contrasts, and of progress, especially in Christian work! Many of us can remember when missionary enterprise and effort were confined to very limited proportions, both as to means and fields of labor. Our heathen were found mostly on our own continent among the aborigines of the country, and something was done to save them. When a society like the A. B. C. of F. Missions did venture to send abroad, to India and other far distant points of the world, it was looked upon as a doubtful, if not a hopeless, experiment.

We remember what a thrill went through the Methodist Episcopal Church when Melville B. Cox offered himself for Africa; and his dying words, almost, as he fell at his post so soon after entering upon his work, "Though a thousand fall, let not Africa be given up," seemed to be talismanic, and roused the church to a pitch of interest beyond all former precedent to a consideration of her duty to the world. Others have fallen there and in other fields. Their dying prayers have been answered, and the fields they enriched with their dust have not been given up. No! the spirit then unkindled has spread throughout the church, and will never die until the last soul of Adam's race is won back to Christ.

But how small were the offerings of the church in those days compared with those of the present time! Think of the first year's contributions of the whole M. E. Church for the conversion of the world—eight hundred dollars! That was less than sixty-five years ago; and, considering the age, numbers and limited information of our people as to the wants of the world, was a very good beginning and highly commendable. Far be it from us to despise that day of small things financially. There was a richness of spirit and value in those offerings that has never been surpassed, and probably never will be. While the world and the church have grown wiser, better, richer, and can do more now than was done then, we may look back upon those days and the actors in them with more than simple satisfaction. We may be thankful to God for the history they made which has led on to present developments.

Originally the instrumentalities employed in the work, both at home and abroad, presented a marked contrast to those of the present, in every department. Men were then considered the chief, if not the only, agents to carry on the work among the heathen. True, woman was not entirely ignored; but she occupied a subordinate sphere, and was regarded generally as only qualified for that position. The drudgery of the work at home was put upon her. She could serve as beggar, or collector of funds, but her brother must hold and disburse them. Night well and successfully did she perform her work in this line, outstripping all others and winning that commendation of Dr. Adam Clarke, "That one woman was equal to seven men and a half as collector of missionary money." She was not permitted, however, to have a voice in the disposition of it.

But how changed now! It seems as if time had brought its revenge for woman in this regard. Not that we would suppose for a moment that the church, or its members, had any feelings of spite or of jealousy that would not allow them to recognize woman as an important factor in carrying forward the work of Christ; but there was an ignorance of her real worth, of her influence in society, and her ability, intellectual and moral, which was astonishing, and of which we are ashamed as we look back to "the times of that ignorance which God has most mercifully winked at." There was also a prejudice against her filling any active and important sphere of labor, which was natural, and we may say unavoidable, from such ignorance. She was always the subordinate, and always kept so.

Now she is not only the good collector, but also the wise counselor and the skillful administrator in the work of saving the world. Indeed, she can go where men cannot go, and do what man cannot do. And, as has been the case in every advanced movement made for converting the world, she has been most clearly and providentially led to,

and sustained in, the work. This is true as to time, a call to the work, and the manner of carrying it on. When the missionary revival began in the church, woman could not have gone into the active service as now, and God did not send her. There were difficulties in the way she could not overcome. Her education was not adapted to the work. The spirit of caste was so strong among the heathen as to form an insuperable bar to access even to those of her own sex. But by degrees these were overcome, and when the time had arrived she was called into the field and found it ready for the harvest. What results have followed her entry upon the work!

These reflections have been suggested by the holding of the thirtieth anniversary of the society named at the head of this article. When God in His providence opened the way for zennana work in the East, noble Christian women of nearly all branches of the evangelical church organized the "Woman's Union Foreign Missionary Society," to meet the demand. Like all similar efforts, the beginning was small; but the progress and results were astonishing. The work so enlarged upon their hands that a division into denominational branches was deemed essential to the fullest success. This Society started out to work in connection with the missionary board of the Presbyterian Church.

This thirtieth anniversary was an occasion of great interest to all who enjoyed the privilege of the meetings. It was held in the Fourth Presbyterian Church of Syracuse, which was beautifully and tastefully trimmed for the occasion with floral offerings. There was quite a large attendance of delegates from different sections of the country, especially from the cities that are easily accessible by rail. They were representative women of the church, with hearts fully devoted to the work on their hands; and right royally were they entertained by the ladies of the different Presbyterian churches of the city. Other churches would most gladly have shared with them the pleasure and the burden of their entertainment, but there was no occasion.

Quite a number of missionaries were present from Japan, China, India and Persia, who represented the various fields of their labor. Their presence and addresses added greatly to the interest of the occasion. Some of them could not be heard distinctly, which was the only drawback upon the meetings. One or two could not speak English as readily as was desirable, and of course were not understood.

The morning session of the first day was occupied with the reception of delegates, addresses of welcome and responses thereto, reports on various topics, and the appointment of various committees—preliminary work which has to be done in all representative bodies. The reports were written with care and heard with great attention and interest. They showed a year of earnest effort, marked by great success. The society has one hundred and seventy-seven missionaries in its employ, besides the native helpers. The churches, boarding-schools, seminaries, orphanages, and all departments of the work under their care had been greatly prospered. The secretary stated one very gratifying fact, illustrating the progress of their work. It was that the increase of members in Mexico alone the last year was equal to all the membership in mission churches under their care ten years ago. It is marvelous.

The report of the treasurer stated the amount raised the last year at \$118,028.57. This is a most gratifying showing. This liberal giving has not interfered with or diminished the regular contributions to the general boards, but, on the other hand, has tended to stir up and develop the spirit of consecration among the people, and thus increase the funds of all the boards in the church. And yet it may be questioned whether any department of the church is fully alive to the demands and responsibilities of the times, and is doing its whole duty in this direction. We are glad to mark progress, and hope to see all go on to perfection in this particular.

The organizations of other branches of the church were represented, and presented fraternal greetings. Mrs. Easter represented the society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. She delivered a very fine address, which was listened to with marked interest. In responding to Mrs. Schenck, the president, spoke very complimentarily of the society of our church, and said they took all from Methodism they could of earnestness and order, and were delighted with the success of our work. The spirit of Christian catholicity prevailed through all the meetings, and was one of the enjoyable features. The missionary spirit has a wonderful power to break down prejudice, to overcome jealousy, and unite the people of God in one common bond of fraternity.

On Wednesday evening a general missionary meeting, held in the Park Presbyterian Church, was addressed by Rev. Dr. Jessup of Syria, and Dr. Ellinwood, secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Missions. Seldom have we heard more able and convincing presentations of facts and appeals in behalf of the cause. Dr. Jessup's long and varied experience in the work gives him a rich store of illustrations, while his manner as a speaker makes listening to him delightfully interesting. Dr. Ellinwood is a charming speaker, and the two at any meeting would be all the speaking needed.

The meeting of the last afternoon was out of the ordinary line of missionary meetings. It closed with a tableau by ten young ladies of the Park Presbyterian Church, who in costume represented as many nations, presenting a plea to Columbia for the world of life. Each lady in presenting her plea spoke in a clear, distinct voice, which was heard throughout the crowded house. There may be a question raised as to the exact propriety of such a scenic ex-

hibition in the church on such an occasion. It was a little theatrical, and seemed out of place to some, especially in a staid Presbyterian church. Some of the ladies, by the use of cork or some other coloring matter, gave their complexions quite a foreign or original shade. But the thing was finely done, and gave great satisfaction to the crowd.

On the whole, the effect of these meetings must be good. They cannot fail to awaken a deeper interest in the great work of the church at this day.

## HYMN FOR CHILDREN'S DAY.

BY REV. A. W. BUNKER.

Our Children's Day we hail again,  
Mid flowers and summer skies;  
From every heart in sweet refrain  
Let songs of praise arise.

Through Jesus' love and tender care  
We all behold this day;  
His power has kept from Satan's snare,  
And brought us on life's way.

With willing hands and joyous hearts  
Our children gently bring  
Their floral tributes to Thy courts,  
In honor of their King.

Bless their young hearts with holy light,  
Keep them from sin and guilt;  
May they, like flowers so pure and white,  
Reflect their Father's smile!

Our prayer, O Lord, in mercy hear,  
And fold them in Thy breast;  
Through all life's scenes be ever near,  
And bring them to Thy rest!

## SIFTING.

BY E. E. M.

We were coming home from Bible class, one evening last fall. I don't remember much about our talk on the lesson that evening. Kate and I and another friend had been walking down the street together, and, contrary to my usual custom, I had been rather quiet and left them to talk with each other. Some words our pastor had spoken were ringing in my ears with all the force of prophecy. In his closing remarks he had said, "There is a sifting time coming, and I feel it is near." We had been studying that thirteenth chapter of Mark, and it had been a solemn hour.

Soon my way diverged from that of my friends, and I had a long, lonely walk before me. All the way those words repeated themselves in my ears. I cannot account for the fact that the only words of Scripture that came to mind in connection with the subject were those of Christ to Peter, "Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat."

I had a sad, depressed feeling. I thought I knew my own weakness, and I was afraid I could not stand the test. It seemed to me there was very little worth saving, and then that strange dark thought of *Satan* sifting troubled me. The thought of Christ's words, "But I have prayed for thee," came to me, but my mind was so strangely clouded that I did not get their comfort as at other times.

At last, finding no hope or strength in myself, with a kind of faith born of desperation, I threw myself on divine love and compassion, saying—"Lord, you have borne with me seventeen years, and tried to make something of me, and here I am; if I don't seem to be worth anything yet, I don't seem to be worth anything yet. If there is a sifting time coming, I am afraid I shall be found all chaff. If there is a grain of real wheat in me, O save me, for Thine own name's sake!"

Do you say, "Why, how foolish and stupid not to know that the Lord will surely take care of His own?" Certainly I knew that, and had for years, but I saw so little worth saving; I began to see my nothingness as I never had before. I guess I wasn't quite so stupid as I had been when I thought I knew more. But as I think of it now, I seem to have been where the colored preacher told his people they would be if God answered their prayers to let them see themselves as He saw them—"scared half to death."

But amid all the confusion and fear, I heard a voice I knew saying, "Be of good cheer; it is I, be not afraid." I began to see that the Lord was to do the sifting, and felt a little better. But there were days and weeks following when one bit of chaff and another were sifted out, and I was a good deal surprised from time to time to find how much of it there had been. I wondered that it had not hidden away the few grains of wheat from even the Master's eye. But daily I felt the Lord's hand working in my life, and in this time of searching I could say, "I will trust Him; He hath tried me and He will heal me; He hath smitten; and He will bind us up; He will raise us up and we shall live in His sight." To-day I found these words, "For, lo! I will command, and I will sift the house of Israel among all the nations, like as corn is sifted in a sieve, yet shall not the least grain fall upon the earth" (Amos 9: 9).

I would not forget the experience of the last few months for anything. The Lord "sifted me in a way I knew not." He was better to me than my fears. He was slow to heart to learn the lessons He would teach me, but He was slow to anger and plenteous in mercy. I felt that my heart was weak, but in His weakness He will manifest His perfect strength. Henceforth, "What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee."

MR. KNOWLES' DONATION PARTY.

BY LIZZIE WILLIS HASTINGS.

[Concluded.]  
Now the pastor's nearest neighbor was a maiden lady by the name of Wilton, or "Aunt Priscilla," as she was called by the whole village. She was very intimate at the parsonage, and often ran in without knocking. It so happened she was in the kitchen while

the minister and his wife were talking, and was an unwilling listener to the conversation. She quietly withdrew and went home.

In about half an hour her green pumpkin hood was seen bobbing in and out as she went the rounds of the parish. If any one could tell a story or plead a cause, it was Aunt Priscilla, and those who had not been interested in the donation party now became so.

Aunt Priscilla now haunted the one tailor-shop the village contained, to the wonder of all and the disgust of the owner, but she kept her own counsel even when she was seen coming therefrom with an immense bundle.

At last came the evening of the donation party. At an early hour all sorts of sleds and sleighs, even one wood-sled covered with robes and blankets, were filled with jolly farmers and their wives, wending their way towards the Methodist parsonage. The house was filled. After an hour spent in pleasant chatting, with music in which the whole company joined, refreshments were abundantly served. The remnants were put away, and the pastor's pantry fairly groined with the abundance—and something more substantial than cake and pickles this time!

After awhile the ladies took Mrs. Knowles upstairs, where they presented her with a neat outfit, and at the same time the young ladies gave her \$10. She was quite overcome. As they came down-stairs, they saw Aunt Priscilla assisting the minister to put on a nice overcoat, which he soon declared just a fit.

"But, my dear Miss Wilton, I am afraid you have done too much for me."

"Not a bit; but you have done me a sight more good than this amounts to," said Aunt Priscilla.

Just then the shrill crow of a rooster electrified the company.

"Why, what's this?" said the pastor.

"It's only Jim," said Eddie Fay, and he handed the minister a basket containing a tiny little bantam. "Aunt Priscilla told Mr. Bates, the grocer, that everybody ought to give something to the donation party, and I wanted to give something, and Jim was all I had."

"You have given me more than any one else, Eddie," said the minister, as he patted the little boy's head.

Little Eddie looked as happy as it was possible for a boy to look, at the minister's kind words.

Just then Farmer Barton stepped forward, and said: "This is a small tribute to the love we bear our pastor for the great good he has done us in the three years that have almost passed since he came to us. We are sorry we have been so late in showing our gratitude; and as he must leave us, may God send us another man just like him!" and the farmer broke down and handed the minister \$100.

Mr. Knowles' heart was full, and as he knelt in prayer, such a benison of praise and blessing came from his lips that those who heard never forgot.

There was hardly a dry eye in the room. It seemed as though the Lord had blessed every one of them. They then sang the doxology, and with many a hearty hand-shake departed.

At the next sewing society the ladies turned out *en masse*, and of course the donation party was the chief topic of interest.

Said Miss Dodge: "I had saved two days for myself, and the morning after the donation I went over to help Mrs. Knowles clean up; but when I got there it was all done. Aunt Priscilla had just come in, and Mrs. Knowles hugged us both, she was so happy. Mr. Knowles came and shook hands, looking younger than I had seen him in a long time. He said, 'I am afraid my people have been too generous with me. God bless them!'"

"Not a bit out," said Aunt Priscilla; "it will do 'em good. The more we give, the more we have, not always in worldly goods, but always in God's blessing. Eddie Fay gave all he had; yes, and got a present of a nice pair of bantams this morning, so you see he has got more than he gave."

"Well, you are right, Aunt Priscilla. I see God has indeed blessed you. I shall never forget this people, and I shall certainly never forget my last donation party in Taunton."

A Christian, cross-less cannot be!  
Whence comes the art of praying?  
How from the world's vain pomp to flee,  
The soul on Jesus staying?

Flint it not off,  
The strokes that fall upon thee,  
Display the love that won thee.

A Christian, cross-less cannot be!  
His love's own hand extending,  
That grief and pain thyself should suffer,  
Come down from God the Father.

Since it is so,  
"Tis well, I know;  
His love's own hand extending,  
No plagues can He be sending.

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The strokes that fall upon thee,  
Display the love that won thee.

A Christian, cross-less cannot be!  
Else, what would us awaken,  
When floating soft on sin's smooth sea,  
Untroubled and unshaken?

Down comes the bright  
Of earth's dark night;  
The last great trumpet calling,  
Wakes us to woes appalling.

A Christian, cross-less cannot be!  
Thy hateful sins eschewing,  
It brings thee humbly to the knee,  
Thy love to God renewing.

Vain world aside,  
Let God abide;  
Behold thee! Ah, it moves thee;  
Eternal goodness loves thee.

Without a cross, nor would I be!  
I'll bear all that God sends me;  
The strokes that come, I will not flee,  
For, still His wing defends me.

Then, welcome all;  
His char'n'ng all;  
With Christ, now uncomplaining,  
At last, forever reigning!

—REV. J. E. RANKIN, in *Advocate*.

## Our Girls.

### WHITE HANDS.

It was the evening before Commencement at Mt. Pleasant Seminary. Six young ladies of the graduating class were gathered around a window overlooking the pleasant grounds, and talking eagerly about the future. Their plans were various, reaching onward with no thought of grief or sorrow. Wealth, admiration, fame, were among the attainable. Music and art would each have its devotee. One would continue her studies at a higher institution; another would become the mistress of a beautiful home.

One had not spoken, and when the question, a second time, was asked, impatiently, "Louise, what are your plans?" her answer was eagerly awaited. "I shall help my mother," said quiet Louise. "O-o-h, we all mean to do that, of course," said one, "but what plans have you? You can't mean just to stay at home in a poky way and not try to do anything?"

"Girls," said Louise, "I do mean to do just that; for the present, at least, my business shall be to help my mother in any way that it is possible for me to help her."

A glance at the puzzled faces around her, and she continued, "Shall I open my heart to you a bit and let you read a sad page from it? You remember Stella Morton? You remember that I once visited her during vacation? Her home was very pleasant, and a large family of brothers and sisters made so much out of doors that we saw little of Mrs. Morton—a delicate, quiet lady, always ready to bestow sympathy when needed. I noticed that the girls were not so tidy and helpful about the house as I had been taught to be, but as I did not see who supplied all the domestic duties I thought little about it. One day a picnic had been planned, and I heard the girls impatiently commenting upon the illness of the one servant, as it threw upon them some disagreeable household duties. How Mrs. Morton ever accomplished the delicious lunch we ate that day, only such overworked mothers can explain; the little assistance given by Stella and Alice must have been most unsatisfactory."

"We returned by moonlight, so tired that we went to our rooms without seeing any one, if indeed any one was up at that hour. By and by—I don't know how long we had slept—a frightened voice called Stella, who shared my room, and soon we all knew that gentle, tired Mrs. Morton was alarmingly ill. At sunrise she was gone, without hearing how long we had slept—Stella's grief, she placed her own delicate hand beside the thin, toll-stained dead one, and said, 'See, Louise, at what cost mine is so fair, and I have been vain of my white hands.' She kissed the cold fingers again and again."

"One day I found Stella at her mother's work table holding up some unfinished piece, evidently left in haste. 'Louise,' she said, 'mother asked me to do this and I really meant to; oh, why didn't I do it at once?'  
"You can understand what an impression all this made upon me, and when, a few days later, I was called home by the illness of my own mother, the feeling was intensified. Mother was very ill, and as hope grew fainter my distresses I thought less than Stella's. One night when my sister and I were too anxious to sleep, I told her about Stella, and we then pledged ourselves to take from mother every possible care, and to make out of love and sorrow. 'I can't describe Stella's grief,' she placed her own delicate hand beside the thin, toll-stained dead one, and said, 'See, Louise, at what cost mine is so fair, and I have been vain of my white hands.' She kissed the cold fingers again and again."

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